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MR. GREENWOOD dropped a bomb plumb at Mr. Thomas's feet when he stated that Mr. De Valera was not going to spend the money collected from the land annuities, but to hold it in reserve pending arbitration. It was no doubt highly improper for such a piece of information first to reach the Government through the Opposition. But if Mr. Thomas had not been riding a high horse would he not have asked Mr. De Valera about this important point and not have left it to Mr. Greenwood and Sir Stafford Cripps to discover it in private conversation with the leader of the Irish Labour Party? The incident is typical of Anglo-Irish negotiations. Pride and prestige apart, the difference between the British and Irish Governments is now very small. Both agree to arbitration, but the Free State, which has never forgiven the Feetham Boundary Commission, demands that the arbitration board should have some non-Imperial representation. Is that really so impossibly unreasonable?

* * *

Even if Mr. De Valera's demand were wholly unreasonable, the British Government's idea of taxing English food imports in order to coerce Ireland seems to us dangerous and silly. The indirect economic consequences in England may be considerable: in Ireland the new tariff will be devastating both economically and psychologically. It will revive all the ancient memories of English coercion. Already, when England talks of Ireland breaking her treaty obligations, the retort is made that the country which broke the Treaty of Limerick had better keep quiet about violations of faith. England forgets, but the Free State remembers, that arbitration is a new idea between England and Ireland. For a British Government to arouse all these ancient animosities on so small a difference seems in any case unnecessary. The right tactics for the British Government were to leave the problem to the assembled Dominions at Ottawa. Then the controversy would have ceased to be one between England and Ireland, and the Commonwealth itself would have been called upon to settle a question which vitally concerns the future of every part of the Commonwealth.

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"Dogged does it" has been Mr. MacDonald's motto at Lausanne, and it is possible that before the captains and the kings depart a settlement will have been reached. But the settlement that is now hoped for will only do what is called "saving the Conference." It will not give us the clean slate which the British delegates demanded at the start and which we regret they did not continue to demand. Long and desperate haggling has screwed Herr von Papen up to the point of offering a sum that still falls short by some hundreds of millions of marks of what M. Herriot wants; it has not resulted in the admissions asked for by the Germans as to war-

guilt and equality of armaments. If a compromise is reached, uncertainty will still hang over Europe. When will Germany pay these reparations that are no longer to be called reparations? In what spirit will Germany take her Chancellor's concessions? How will the arrangement affect the war debts to the United States? Will everything go into the melting-pot again at the World Economic Conference a few months hence? That is perhaps the best chance. For the World Economic Conference, though the Americans have protested that war debts and reparations are not its business, may at least bring us closer—and the Americans too—to the clean slate policy.

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There is no doubt about the sympathy felt by the vast mass of Englishmen for Germany in her struggles. But that is far from implying approval of all that the present German Government is doing, or allowing to be done by the worser elements in the country. The suppression of the two chief newspapers of the Centre and the Socialists, one for three days and the other for five, is an ominous sign. The offence of *Vorwärts* was a statement that the cuts made in the social insurance scheme were paying for Brown Army uniforms. That of the *Kölnische Zeitung* was criticism—strong, but not, so far as we know, *mala fide*—of the Chancellor. Herr von Papen was described as "a catastrophe," and was charged with acknowledging France's right to be compensated for the cancelling of reparations. This statement may have been untrue, as the Reich Government alleges. But is that an excuse for punishing the paper with three days' suspension? And where is such a censorship going to stop? As for the Nazi movement, we are frankly astonished at the notion, which many Germans seem to cherish, that it is regarded with favour abroad. It is easy to understand how this party has grown in the prevailing discontent, and to believe that it has many honest and well-intentioned adherents. But its hooliganism, unchecked, if not directly encouraged, by the leaders, is a disgrace and a danger to Germany. And what hope is there in its policy, which, so far as can be seen, contains little positive except a ferocious anti-Semitism?

* * *

No progress had been made at Geneva up to the middle of this week, and at the time of writing an adjournment of the Conference till the autumn seems probable. Meanwhile, it is suggested that some measure of agreement may be reached on one or two trifles—such as the prohibition of chemical and bacteriological warfare and of certain forms of air-bombing. Fear that the Hoover scheme would be countered by a full-dress Simon scheme has vanished. If any substantial disarmament is eventually agreed to, it is likely to be based ostensibly on the American proposals, with modifications to suit the British—and, of course, the French—point of view. But the "if" is a big one. There will be no detailed discussion for some months, and there is not much in the outlook to encourage the belief that the leopards will change their spots between now and then. The chief hope, perhaps, is that, though the will to disarm is weak, the need to economise is strong. The new French Government has begun its career with a cut of 1,500,000,000 francs in the military budget. The present British Government will not, of course, follow suit; it claims that we have already done all that can reasonably be expected in that line until there is an all-round reduction, and it has no particular scruples about using the axe on the social services. But the country is well aware that a hundred millions and more is too much to spend on armaments, and it can see that the social services are already dangerously cut down.

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So far as the reduction of military expenditure goes, M. Herriot is naturally supported by—indeed, he is pushed by—the Left-wing Radicals and the Socialists. But on other parts of his financial project they have joined issue with him, and last week-end some of the political prophets were talking of his being out of office within a few days. Most of the proposed new taxes, as well as the cuts in official salaries and the changes in social insurance and pension schemes, were rejected or amended by the Finance Committee of the Chamber, and the Government's grand total of economies of 4,000,000,000 fr. was reduced by 40 per cent. M. Herriot, however, has stuck to his guns, and the probability is that the Finance Committee will change its mind and agree to a compromise. Though there is no love lost between the Socialists and the Prime Minister, they are, for tactical reasons, not anxious for a change of Government at this moment. And public opinion in general is inclined to support him from nervousness about the position of the franc. But if he succeeds in weathering this storm there will certainly be others to come, and neither his seamanship nor his vessel is of the kind to guarantee him a long voyage.

* * *

There is a great deal of talk about the impending conversion of a part of the French war debt. Large blocks of French War Loan are still on a very high interest basis, and can be converted without any breach of contract with the bondholders. It would be possible to reborrow the money at a considerably lower rate, probably at 4 per cent. at the most. France, with her unbalanced budget and her loss of revenue from reparations, could well do with the economy, especially if it helped M. Herriot to dispense with some of the cuts in expenditure which have provoked the revolt among his followers. But M. Herriot hesitates, for very definite reasons, to follow the British example. The small *rentiers* are a great power in French politics, and they will certainly raise a formidable outcry against any attempt to reduce their incomes. Moreover, unlike the British bondholders, they will be able to say that four-fifths of the real value of their *rentes* has already been confiscated by the devaluation of the franc, and to claim that they have a full right to profit by the fall in prices during the past three years. Yet it is difficult to see how the French Government can go on borrowing at 6 per cent. when it could borrow at four.

* * *

The "quadrennial banquets of claptrap" are over and the United States is provided, according to ritual,

with two Presidential candidates. The Republican convention, on fairly unanimous testimony, was a "flop." The sad truth, that only Hoover could defend Hoover's record, was demonstrated by the dismal failure of the "keynote" speech. At the best of times this is a futile performance, but Senator Dickenson of Iowa had to undertake a work of apologetics that might have baffled Bryan or any other legendary hero of convention oratory. He attacked the Democratic congress and drew a harrowing picture of the great and good man in the White House labouring with the ills of the nation and subject to endless slander. The verdict on this effort was given by two members of Mr. Hoover's cabinet who left the hall during the oration, while a voice in the gallery asked, audibly, "You ain't walking out on this show are you?" It was, indeed, very difficult to muster interest in a performance which, in sporting parlance, was known to be "in the bag"—especially as there was reason to suspect that there was a hole in the bottom. There was no doubt that Mr. Hoover would be renominated, and little that the feeble Mr. Curtis would be retained on the ticket; the only doubts were provoked by the attitude of the "wet" leaders who descended on the convention, breathing horrid threats. The eastern Republicans are in a hole and their leader, Ambassador Edge from Paris, has every reason to know it, for his Democratic rivals, Governor Moore of New Jersey, and, more important, Frank Hague, the boss of Jersey City, have dug themselves in so thoroughly that even the Lindbergh scandal will not shake them as long as the Republicans are dry. The plank adopted is astonishing even for an American party; it might be an exercise in casuistry set by a very scholastic moral theologian. It is an attempt to keep the east in the fold and placate whatever dry sentiment there is left in the west. It was very ill received by the galleries. One Republican leader told the galleries to "Shut up, you aren't delegates." "No, but we're voters."

* * *

The Democratic show had more interest. The spectacle of one of the most notorious tariff hogs in either party denouncing the Smoot-Hawley tariff in his key-note speech added a little to the gaiety of the gathering. The adoption of the complete wet platform will force wet Republicans, like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, to indulge in several mental gymnastics before coming out for Hoover. What is alarming the Democrats is the refusal of the Smith faction to "play ball." They see in the swinging of the Garner vote to Governor Roosevelt the hated hand of Mr. McAdoo; they refused the customary compliment of making the nomination unanimous; "Al" himself has refused, so far, to imitate the other candidates and announce that he will support the "ticket." Both parties have taken the risk of alienating the east. The prohibition plank of the Republicans moved that organ of orthodoxy, the *Chicago Tribune*, to threaten bolting. The Democrats went wet all right, but the boos with which the Roosevelt nomination was received do not augur well for the party in the big cities. In both conventions it was the rural areas that had their way. The same states that nominated Roosevelt, in the Democratic convention had supported the Hoover plank against the city delegates. Meantime business is getting worse, the world no better, but the perfunctory platitudes and promises of the platforms do not show much solicitude on the delegates' part. The job-holders and would-be job-holders fought over personalities and booze and let the rest of the world go hang. It is one more testimony for "Ed" Howe's dictum: "talk of government of the people for the people was one of Abe Lincoln's jokes."

* * *

The delegation from Lancashire which has been in Canada discussing with the Canadian cotton employers the possibilities of an agreed increase in Canadian imports of Lancashire goods has come back sadly disappointed. It found the Canadian producers entirely unwilling to agree to any substantial relaxation of tariffs in favour of British cotton goods, and it has reported to its constituents its disillusionment at the attitude taken up by the Canadian employers. A similar delegation from the British iron and steel industry has now set out for Canada in the hope of arranging for an agreed allocation of products between British and Canadian producers, designed largely to replace United States by British steel in the Canadian market. There is perhaps rather more hope of some success in these negotiations, for there is a wide range of steel goods which the Canadians do not as yet produce. But even in the case of steel there is no sign of Canadian willingness to lower existing tariffs to any appreciable extent in the interests of the British steel trade. In fact, the preliminary trade negotiations hold out very little prospect of a successful outcome for the Ottawa Conference as far as it is concerned with tariffs. Perhaps that is why attempts are now being made to push the question of an Imperial currency to the forefront. Not having been yet explored, it can still be plausibly represented in a rather more hopeful light.

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For some time past, there have been persistent rumours that Mr. Arthur Henderson had no intention of coming back to his old position in the Labour Party. At first, these rumours were based on assertions about his health; but just recently it was put about that he might succeed Sir Eric Drummond as Secretary-General of the League of Nations. Those who know Mr. Henderson have been aware for some time that his health has been a great deal better; and they were not for a moment disposed to credit the rumours about his translation to Geneva. For they knew that his heart was in the Labour Party, which he has done far more than any other man to build up. What is doubtful is whether Mr. Henderson, when he comes back after the Disarmament Conference, will desire to take an early opportunity of getting back into Parliament, or will prefer to concentrate on his organising work as secretary of the Labour Party in the country. He is well aware that the party machine needs firm guidance if it is to recover its lost position in the constituencies; and it may be that he will regard this as a more important task for the moment than the reinforcement of the depleted Opposition Front Bench in the present Parliament.

THE RENTIERS AND THE PUBLIC

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has had not merely a good press, but a press which has used up all its store of adjectives in praise of his new conversion offer. Cabinet Ministers are going about the country congratulating themselves and their audiences on Great Britain's magnificent recovery from the crisis of last year, and in the City financial magnates are rubbing their hands and counting the gains which they have already made as a result of Mr. Chamberlain's action. When everyone appears to be satisfied, and more than satisfied, it seems almost ungracious to suggest that the rejoicings are, in the circumstances, somewhat overdone. But truth must be served, and candour compels us to say that we see nothing to write home about in the British Government's ability, under present conditions, to borrow money at 3½ per cent. or a fraction over.

Not that we have any quarrel with the terms of Mr. Chamberlain's offer. It is on orthodox lines, sound, and as favourable to the Treasury as a conversion offer can at present safely be. It will save the British taxpayers a substantial amount of money by reducing the annual burden of the interest on the National Debt. It will remove the large mass of War Loan at 5 per cent., which has for years past so acted as artificially to depress the Government's credit and to keep up interest rates on long-term loans to an unreal level. It will clear the way for further borrowing as need arises, and remove one of the chief obstacles in the way of a Development Loan designed to provide resources for stimulating a revival of industrial activity. It will have all manner of useful results, if the Government has but the sense to take advantage of them.

The reason why we feel but a modified rapture as we regard this conversion scheme is that the fact of conversion may be, and certainly will be, used as an argument against any attempt to deal with the debt problem as a whole on more comprehensive lines. To save nearly £30,000,000 in interest is, no doubt, a very substantial gain. But £30,000,000 is only one-tenth of the sum the country has been spending on debt interest on the average of the past few years. It is an advantage to get £30,000,000 off £300,000,000; but £270,000,000, or even the smaller sum the country is having to find at present owing to the cheapness of short-term money, is still a prodigious drain upon our national resources, especially in face of the heavy fall in the total national income and the sharp reduction in prices during the past three years.

The possibilities of converting the £2,000,000,000 of 5 per cent. War Loan have been present in everyone's mind ever since 1929. Again and again, conversion has been regarded as imminent, only to be postponed because at the last moment the Chancellor of the time, or his advisers, feared to take the plunge. It may indeed be affirmed that never until now could the conversion have been safely carried through on a 3½ per cent. basis, and that accordingly the waiting policy has been justified in the event. But why is it possible now to get money at this rate? Simply because industry is so depressed, and the position of foreign borrowers so precarious, that it is exceedingly difficult for those who have money to invest to find remunerative outlets of any kind, and the rates allowed by banks and other agencies for short-term money have fallen almost to zero. In relation to the earning capacity of money in general, 3½ per cent. is a high, and not a low, rate for the British Government to be called upon to pay. Have not Treasury Bills been taken up of late again and again at less than 1 per cent.?

In fact, the success of conversion, from the standpoint of the saving of interest to the taxpayers, is bound to be proportionate to the severity of the trade depression and to the belief in its continuance among the investing classes. The Treasury can get money for at least twenty years at 3½ per cent. because investors can neither do better elsewhere to-day nor expect to do better in the near future. This is, of course, no reason why the Treasury should not take full advantage of its ability to borrow on relatively easy terms. But it is a reason why we should refrain from throwing up our caps in triumph at its success in doing this.

Moreover, conversion has another aspect. The reduction of the interest on the Five per cent. War Loan has sent down the yield on all other forms of long-term debt, and correspondingly raised their capital value. In doing this, it has made a huge present in the form of capital appreciation to the holders of gilt-edged securities. This partly explains the paradox of the City's jubilation at having the interest on some of its holdings reduced. For the City is more interested in the capital value of securities than in the income which they yield, and Mr. Chamberlain has presented almost every financial institution in the country with a very pleasant increment to the capital value of its holdings. Such a present is a necessary accompaniment of any successful conversion on a large scale, and there was no way of preventing it, if conversion was to be carried through on orthodox lines. But the effect is that the present holders of gilt-edged securities, who have already profited very greatly as a result of the fall in prices, now profit again as a result of the fall in current rates of interest on long-term loans.

Nor is this the only cause of the City's gratification. It is widely felt that the conversion of a substantial fraction of the war debt to a lower rate of interest makes the position of the holders of other forms of Government stock more secure than it has been of late. There have not been wanting critics—among whom we have been ourselves enrolled—ready to suggest that, in face of the fall in prices and the consequent inflation of the real commodity-burden of the National Debt and of other fixed interest-bearing obligations, there ought to be a general scaling down of debt interest, at any rate unless concerted steps are successfully taken to bring world prices back to a higher level. Special taxation levied on fixed interest-bearing securities, a general reduction of the interest paid on the National Debt, a revision of the claims of banks and similar creditors upon the product of industry—in one form or another proposals of this order have come of late to command an increasing amount of support. It is so plainly inequitable for the *rentiers* to draw a huge advantage from the world's adversity, and so manifest that relief to debtors could be an important factor in promoting recovery, that the holders of fixed interest-bearing securities have been feeling more than a little nervous about the safety of their undoubted gains. Mr. Chamberlain's new conversion will cause them to breathe more freely. It will be argued that any scaling-down of the interest on the new 3½ per cents., or any special taxation of it, would be a breach of faith, and further, that the interest on other loans cannot be scaled down, or subjected to special taxation, apart from the 3½ per cents. Accordingly, the *rentiers* are confident that Mr. Chamberlain, while he is for the moment saving the taxpayers money, is at the same time defending them against possible attacks in the future.

In taking this view of the situation, the *rentiers* are undoubtedly correct. Mr. Chamberlain is acting as a most faithful and effective guardian of their interests. What he can do to protect them against the advocates of "spoliation"—for so they regard those who urge that *rentier* claims ought to be scaled down to balance the fall in prices—he has done, and their securities have become the more valuable because of his action. But we must insist that, while the new conversion has inevitably strengthened the position of the *rentier* class as a whole, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor anyone else can guarantee this class against future attack. Even after conversion, the total burden of the War Debt remains intolerably high—an obviously excessive

toll in goods and services upon the income of the nation. The case for a drastic reduction of this colossal burden is every bit as strong as the case for a scaling-down of international debts—for example, as the European claim that America should renounce her contractual rights under the various war debts settlements. If international debts are strangling world trade, internal debts are no less responsible for strangling national production, and for forcing taxation up to a height which would be bearable only if the proceeds were being put to good productive use. The guarantee to the general body of *rentiers* implied in the present conversion scheme cannot therefore be accepted. No promises can be made that the reduction of interest burdens shall be kept within the narrow limits which the method of conversion imposes on the State.

Most people would, indeed, prefer to see the claims of the *rentiers* reduced by means of the raising of world prices to the imposition of special measures designed to bring down, or tax, incomes derived from fixed interest-bearing securities. It is not to be denied that measures of this latter kind involve considerable difficulties, and could hardly be carried through without some inequity of incidence. While we should all like to see world prices rise—all, that is, except a section of the *rentiers* themselves—what is to happen if this most desirable result cannot be brought about? Somehow, we shall have to cut down interest-burdens far more drastically than they can be reduced by mere conversion at the contractual dates, and no new terms offered to-day to those who agree to convert can be allowed to stand in the way of a larger measure of justice to those great sections of the community which have to bear the present excessive burdens.

MUNICH AND BERLIN

FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN MUNICH

HITLER'S campaign for the General Election on July 31st is to be fought largely as a campaign for the suppression of "particularism," and in favour of the compulsory centralisation of Germany. Munich is the headquarters of what the Bavarians prefer to call federalism, and Bavaria has therefore become a chief scene in the conflict. In Munich last week a Nazi council of war decided not only to fight the Bavarian federalists as reactionary and priest-ridden, but to stigmatise them as a faction of Danubian separatists, in the sense in which the Rhenish separatists of 1923 are branded in post-war German history. These Rhinelanders, it must be remembered, have been proved to have been seedy ruffians well paid from some sinister purse in France.

Bavaria is ruled by a cabinet of members of the Bavarian People's Party. The Landtag election of April 24th returned 45 members of this party, 43 Nazis and 20 Social Democrats, apart from the negligibly small groups; that is to say, the Bavarian Government is the only one in Germany which can claim to represent the largest party in its representative body, and, with the support of the Social Democrats against the Nazis, an easy absolute working majority. The Government Party has only one seat less than in the previous Landtag, and—this is again peculiar to Bavaria—most of the ministers have held office for the best part of a decade. Here is a government, then, which retains its place in the heart of the people in spite of the economic breakdown. The spectacular seduction offered at Munich by the Brown House, designed by Hitler himself as a Nazi palace, is resisted. Hitler gives *circenses* and the Government cannot give *panem*, but it can still govern if Berlin will allow it to do so.

What is the explanation of this phenomenon? The Bavarian People's Party is the Bavarian branch of the political organisation of the Catholics, which, in the Reich, is called the Centre. It is inevitable that in Germany, where the Catholics can never be more than a strong minority, the Centre should be a party of federalists; it is equally inevitable that in Catholic Bavaria the Bavarian People's Party should find reasons to justify Bavarian autonomy in order to prevent interference from Berlin. There is, however, a Protestant minority in Franconia in whose interest Reich centralisation can be defended. The existence of this Bavarian Ulster, which is now keenly Nazi, is Hitler's excuse for denouncing the People's Party as merely trans-Danubian. Upon closer examination, however, the federal form is seen to apply with peculiar fitness to Germany, and this for two important reasons. First, it seems to be the most desirable method of recognising and organising the centrifugal impulses of the Germans. Secondly, the unevenness in German civilisation is great; the East is altogether less civilised because it is younger than the West, and farther from the Roman Empire and its heirs. Yet the East supplied the vigour which united Germany in 1871, and therefore dominates the Reich. In order to make this domination palatable Bismarck guaranteed a large measure of federal freedom, but the Weimar constitution of 1919 reduced or obscured the rights of the member States; for example, laws passed in the Reichstag could thenceforward over-ride State legislation. The Nazis wish to go farther; in their view German unity will be achieved only when Germany is organised as a unitary State.

The Bavarian's claim to special political treatment rests upon a comparison between the state of affairs in Bavaria and that in Prussia in 1914. In Bavaria, he points out, there existed a popular constitutional monarchy under the Wittelsbachs, bicameral democracy, and a conception of political liberty which an Englishman might claim as his own. The Franconian territory which fell to Bavaria at the beginning of the nineteenth century, although Protestant, was therefore happily assimilated. In Prussia, on the other hand, there reigned a dynasty of uncertain popularity, which took advice from an irresponsible minister or general, and which feared its people so much as to impose upon it the strange system of indirect suffrage which Bethmann Hollweg failed to reform. By this, one rich man might well happen to nominate as many electors in a constituency as the whole working population put together. To this, says the Bavarian, my Catholic brothers in the industrial Rhineland were subjected, because in 1815 they had become the subjects of semi-feudal Prussia without the federal protection which we demand. The 1871 arrangement should therefore be as completely restored as circumstances allow. It should be laid down, for instance, that the Reich cannot interfere in the State organisation of justice, police, and above all, education in the wider sense—any inclination to draw the intellectual life of Munich to Berlin is to be sternly resisted. The real safeguard of 1871 lay, of course, in the Bundesrat, the usual federal device of a second Chamber representing the separate States, and in this case more powerful than the Reichstag. In 1919, not only was each State tied down to a single Chamber system locally, but also the whole emphasis in the Reich was shifted so that the Reichstag made final decisions while the Bundesrat became a Reichsrat with only advisory power. The Bavarian People's Party tried to resist these changes, but was persuaded, except for Dr. Heim, to give way in view of Germany's plight at the time. The evil results of this surrender have reached a climax since the fall of Brüning.

The economic arguments of the Bavarian federalists are less convincing—briefly they seem to suggest merely that Bavaria does not wish to share her advantages. Unlike the hardships endured by the Prussian peasants, whom neither Stein nor his successors could adequately help, the Bavarian peasants easily acquired their freedom. Bavaria is a country where living has been cheap, and great extremes of wealth and poverty have never been introduced by a vast development of industry. She now complains that, since 1919, she

has been bled by economic centralisation. It is difficult, surely, to sympathise with a demand for the restoration of the old separate postal and railway system, even granted that Augsburg industry flourished better on the old low rates of the Bavarian State railway and that Berlin might somehow exert financial pressure through the ultimate control of Post Office savings.

To the western German's cry that he will not be ruled by soldiers, the eastern German replies "Nor I by priests," and the Nazis can attack all Catholics as internationalists—an indictment which for them has become the ultimate form of abuse. The Hitler press points out that where the Papen-Schleicher Government is resisted, the Bavarians accepted the highly centralist financial Emergency Decrees of the Catholic Chancellor, Brüning. The differentiation has a factitious appearance. The Bavarians were indeed willing to bow before Brüning; for this they give a simple explanation. "We Catholics," they say, "understand that the way to resurrection is across Calvary; we knew that Brüning wished to lead us along this path, and so we wished to follow him." They are profoundly convinced that fundamentally the thing that matters is religion. In Germany to-day, they accurately observe, there are three religions: Catholicism, Marxism, and Protestantism—which for practical purposes can be equated with Hitlerism. A Nazi monster meeting will cause any impartial observer to ask whether the Hitlerites are not perhaps the most ritual- and priest-ridden of the three. As for the interference of prelates in politics, the Bavarian People's Party repudiates anything of the kind, with what accuracy it is difficult to judge; the clergy, it declares, are to render unto Cæsar the things that are his. Catholicism imposes spiritual discipline based upon clear-cut definition, but all the more it claims political freedom for the brotherhood of man. The Catholics, unlike the Protestants, consider themselves too Christian to hate Jews.

The bitterest Nazi indictment—that of separatism—now requires examination. The Bavarian People's Party, the Nazis declare, is trying to re-establish the Wittelsbach monarchy in order to achieve separatism; it is falling in with French plans to steal Bavaria from Germany and join it with Austria. Prince Rupprecht has been received with greater rejoicings during the summer festivities this year, they complain. To this the People's Party replies that restoration is a question of no immediate significance. It indignantly denies any desire to secede to Austria, while claiming that Austria's reunion with Germany can only be happily effected federally. "We are much more German than the Prussians," the Bavarians say—"we have been building up German civilisation since the days of Charlemagne. If Prussia loses her political sanity in a rush of Hitlerism to the head, it becomes all the more our duty to preserve a nucleus of freely minded Germans to build up a new Germany based on old Germany's culture." No one who supposes that their dislike of Prussia indicates any predilection for France will ever understand these western Germans. Yet the Nazis are right too. A member of the Bavarian People's Party will admit that, if Prussia becomes the scene of a hateful dictatorship, the only way to preserve the true German tradition may prove to be the restoration of an independent Wittelsbach. In this sense, and in this sense only, the Bavarian People's Party is both monarchical and separatist.

This is the Bavarian background to the struggle which has been going on between the Reich and the State Governments ever since the appointment of the Papen Cabinet, itself a centralist group, though the Chancellor happens to come from the West. The new Government immediately demanded that the Nazis should be free to create disorder by wearing uniforms and holding demonstrations as they chose. The State Governments, led by Bavaria, objected to this interference with their police authority, pointing out that since the Nazis had been liberated in Prussia, order had been destroyed. A great battle in Munich with unsanctioned Nazis on June 19th was with difficulty decided in favour of the Bavarian police. On June 28th a Reich Decree overrode the opposition of the States; as, however, the local authorities are to be allowed to make exceptions on a small but ill-defined scale, the efficacy of the Reich's action cannot be predicted. The first uniformed demonstrations in Munich last Sunday passed off peacefully. For the moment Bavaria admits that active resistance is impossible; she is registering her protest by appealing against the Reich Decree to the Supreme Court at Leipzig. The behaviour of the Centre after the Reichstag election will be of first-rate importance from every point of view. In every case the Bavarian People's Party and its supporters will to the end maintain that the only real unity for Germany is to be found in the freedom of federalism. E. W.

A LONDON DIARY

I HEAR a good deal of the discussion going on inside the Labour Party about the kind of programme to be presented at the autumn conference at Leicester. The discussion takes unusual lines this year because for the first time the dominating personalities on the Executive are not also the Parliamentary leaders. Mr. Lansbury, I think, is the only M.P. on the Executive. There is naturally a division between the people who want an avowed and precisely considered Socialist policy and the party managers who prefer vague phrases which will not cause division between the divers elements—Trade Unions, Co-operators, Fabians and the rest—which make up the present party. On this subject Professor R. H. Tawney in the new issue of the *Political Quarterly* delivers himself of an eloquent and witty sermon in the finest classical prose. He complains that the sort of programme which the party usually puts out is an *omnium gatherum* of everything anybody thinks would be nice—from the abolition of fox-hunting to the nationalisation of the banks. It offers no "scheme of priorities": by promising everything, it promises nothing. It becomes a "glittering forest of Christmas trees with presents for everyone, instead of a plan of campaign for what must be, on any showing, a pretty desperate business." So far the party has not even realised that no achievement is possible except after an intense struggle. "Onions," Mr. Tawney remarks, "can be eaten leaf by leaf, but you cannot skin a live tiger paw by paw: vivisection is its trade and it does the skinning first." Mr. Tawney wants a Socialist party to work for the classless society with religious intensity. "The socialism thus defined will be unpleasant, of course, to some persons professing it. Who promised them pleasure?" I wonder how many Ironsides we have to-day willing to listen to this uncompromising doctrine.

* * *

The language used by politicians is an interesting study. For instance, I notice that in the present dispute with Ireland Mr. Thomas nearly always refers to the Treaty as a "solemn" treaty or "solemn" agreement. When reading his speeches I am continually troubled by the question: when is an agreement not solemn and what exactly would a not solemn treaty have been if signed by this country and the Irish Free State? I noticed, too, that both Mr. Thomas and the solemn Sir Austen (when is Sir Austen not solemn?) gave as the reason for refusing any but an Empire arbitration court that they refused to allow foreign "interference." But if two countries agree to arbitration by the Hague Tribunal, the judges in the case not being nationals of the parties to the dispute, can this possibly be called foreign "interference"?

* * *

We live in the scientific age, and I am often assured that one of the great triumphs of science has been the enormous progress in medicine during recent years. It may be true

and I may merely be unfortunate in experience, but certainly whenever I go to the medical profession for expert advice I return from Harley Street with the feeling that I have left the temple not of Science but of Mumbo-Jumbo. The last time I went there was to an oculist, a charming man with an elaborate apparatus for testing whether I could read large and small print and see lines distinctly or indistinctly. I feel convinced that he did not know whether there was anything wrong with my eyes, and, if so, what. My morning in Harley Street left me poorer by £9 17s. 3d., and richer by a pair of spectacles which I shall not use. When I told my experience to a doctor friend of mine to whom it is possible to talk with the gloves off, he smiled and told me that he himself never goes to an oculist, though he wears glasses; he goes to Woolworth and tries on the spectacles until he finds a pair which suits him. A little while ago, a relation for whom I was responsible developed a temperature which puzzled the general practitioner, who sent us to a round of specialists in Wimpole Street and Harley Street in order that they might discover the cause of the illness. The following diagnoses (all of which have subsequently been proved wrong) were given to us in the course of three weeks by different specialists: (1) Pyorrhœa—the cure being to have all the teeth out: the dentist refused to take them out, maintaining (correctly) that the diagnosis was wrong; (2) Tuberculosis; (3) Inflammation of the heart—incurable and fatal. The result of a visit to a well-known pathologist was, perhaps, the most remarkable in this case. He injected a guinea-pig with some of the patient's blood. The guinea-pig instantly died, but as there was no explanation of his death, he gave his life in vain.

* * *

I suppose the Mayor of Coventry will be annoyed with me if I comment on the case of Miss Beryl Aylward. I see that he has replied to the Bishop of Birmingham's intervention by roundly telling him "to mind his own business." And yet is this case the exclusive concern of the Coventry local authorities? Miss Aylward, who is a member of the Society of Friends, was dismissed from her post as assistant teacher at a Coventry Council school because she refused to take part in Empire celebrations which she regarded as military and nationalist propaganda. She first asked permission to absent herself and when her request was refused returned to her own class-room and marked books while the celebrations were in progress in the main hall. The Education Committee dismissed her. Her appeal has been so far successful that the Council has decided by a majority of two to refer the matter back to the Education Committee for reconsideration. The case seems to me to raise fundamental issues of personal and professional liberty, apart from the really rather important question of whether persons with the courage of pacifist convictions are to be debarred from the teaching of children.

* * *

An encouraging bit of news reaches me from New England. Dr. Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, is one of the ablest and most courageous of American jurists. He is also a famous "radical" who has many times been the object of denunciation in the New England press. His most notorious exploit was to write a book defending Sacco and Vanzetti and denouncing the chicanery and cowardice of Massachusetts justice. Yet I now hear that he has been nominated as Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. If his nomination is confirmed—which I believe to be likely after a struggle—it will be a really important triumph of merit over prejudice.

* * *

I am not surprised that correspondents find the accounts of Mrs. Barney's trial by Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Herald* and by Gilbert Frankau in the *Daily Mail* ineffably absurd, and I agree that the relevancy of a photograph of the daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury with the case is not obvious. One correspondent complains that England this week has been like a revivalist meeting. All the newspapers are talking about salvation through sacrifice. She has been asked whether she preferred redemption or conversion and she wanted neither. England, she says, has not seen so great a conversion since the landing of St. Augustine.

CRITIC.

THE HAND

IT has often been said that England is the land of inconsistencies. There could be no better proof of this than the different manner in which Englishmen treat Greek scholars and palmists. Let a man spend the best years of his life guessing such things as what a long-dead Greek meant by a sentence that lost whatever meaning it once had 2,000 years ago, and he will be honoured by the universities and, perhaps, even be pecuniarily rewarded for his pains. Let another man, however, devote himself to the study of that far more difficult and more useful language that Nature has written on the palms of our hands and he will become the laughing-stock of King's, and if he attempts to make an honest living out of his knowledge he may find himself haled before a magistrate like a pickpocket.

Yet surely, if ever there was a language that demanded the closest and most earnest study, it is the language of the hand. Business men and their brothers, the men of science, often ask about the classics, "What use are they?" and it is by no means easy to prove that they are any more useful than Shakespeare or Beethoven. Palmistry, on the other hand, is nothing if not useful. From the palm of your hand you may—though some deny this—discover weaknesses in your character that you can repair and weaknesses in your health that you can prevent. You may learn in advance the size of your family, and arrange to earn an income appropriate to it. You may discover from your thumb whether you have a strong will or a weak, and from the middle of your palm whether you have a bad temper or a good one. Your hand knows more about you than you know about yourself, and there is not a crisis in life on which you cannot consult it with the certainty of getting an answer.

Realising this, I welcome with all the more enthusiasm a book that has recently come from America, *How to Choose Vocations from the Hands*, by Mr. William G. Benham. The purpose of this book is strictly utilitarian. Mr. Benham has set out to show parents how, by studying their children's palms, they can educate them almost from infancy for the profession, trade, or other occupation for which their hands have fitted them. In our present muddled social system many a man whose hands intended him to be a curate finds himself a plumber's mate, and many a man who, judged by the mounts at the base of his fingers, should have been working a pneumatic drill becomes a poet. When parents have thoroughly grasped Mr. Benham's method of applying scientific principles to the choice of a vocation, this all but universal tragedy of misfits will cease. For Mr. Benham has compiled an enormous list of vocations and shows how by looking at the protuberances on a child's hands, and at sections of his fingers, you can choose the particular vocation for which he was born. How thoroughly he has done his work may be seen from a section of the alphabetically arranged list of vocations recommended which he has placed at the end of his book:

Sand blasters—contractors.
Sandwich shops.
Sanitariums.
Sanitary engineers.
Sausage makers.
Savings banks.
Saw makers.
Scalp treatment.

An equally interesting section runs:

Osteopaths.
Outboard motors—boats.
Oven—repair men.
Oyster men—oyster bars.

Now, if you are an ambitious parent and have dreams of your son becoming an oven-repair man or serving in an oyster-bar, do not be precipitate about the matter, but take a look at the base of his fingers and the shape of his thumbs. For instance, suppose that he belongs to the Mercurian Mount type and has a high-set thumb he can never hope to achieve the highest positions in the oven-repair business. On the other hand, "he can work in a cleaning and dyeing establishment where they do pressing while you wait, clean hats, and he can have a shoe-repairing outfit in connection with it. . . . He can work at one of the numerous soda fountains and serve customers satisfactorily." Parents are warned by the author that in the law and in medicine such a child will be "out of place."

Again, if a Jupiterian child—a child with a swelling at the base of his first finger has long fingers, you must abandon all hope of making him a professional lawn-tennis player. "No one with long fingers is anything but slow." Even so, there are many fine openings for a long-fingered child of this type. "Such a child can be successful as a builder of skyscrapers, if his grade be fine, either as a general or sub-contractor for the iron and brick work. . . . He can be successful as the loan clerk in a bank. . . . He can be most successful as a train dispatcher in the lower grades, or a maintenance-of-the-way superintendent." Comforting though it is to know this, how much more fortunate is the Jupiterian child whose fingers are short! In this case, "if of fine grade he can be at the head of a company engaged in the sale of electricity, water, artificial or natural gas, or the development of oilfields."

When I look at my own palms I feel grateful to my parents for not having dedicated me to any of the aforesaid professions. As a builder of skyscrapers I should obviously have been a dismal failure, and the length of my fingers disqualifies me from being the successful head of a gas company. I cannot quite make out, indeed, for what occupation my hands best fit me. I seem to be a bit of a Jupiterian, rather more of a Saturnian, and an Apollonian, and just enough, but not too much, of a Venusian. The Mount of Mars, which indicates aggression, resistance, courage, coolness, calmness, is distinctly indistinct, and makes it clear that it was a mistake on Lord Derby's part to attempt to conscript me during the war. I have often regretted my lack of martial valour, but I now learn that there are compensations for this, since the Martian "has a tendency to throat trouble, bronchitis, laryngitis, and various disorders of the respiratory tracts, high blood pressure, and arteriosclerosis." Similarly, I learn that there are compensations for the absence from my palm of the Mount of Mercury, which indicates, among other things, business ability, for the Mercurian is "intensely nervous" and "very often the nervousness disarranges his digestive functions, and results in an excess of bile which make him irritable and results in giving him his olive complexion if the case is not severe." How much more fortunate am I in being a Jupiterian-Apollonian-Saturnian-Venusian! As a Jupiterian, the worst that can be said of me is that I suffer from the sin of over-eating, and am subject to gout, eczema, and, often, weak lungs. As an Apollonian I am a moderate eater and drinker, with a tendency to heart affections, weak eyes, sunstroke, and acute attacks of fever. As a Saturnian, I have a permanent liver, pains in the joints, varicose veins, and ear trouble. While as a Venusian, I am healthy and suffer only from acute diseases.

Clearly though I can read the state of my health from my hands, I find it more difficult to discover the occupation which I could most profitably have adopted. My Mount of Saturn leans towards my Mount of Jupiter, which suggests that I might have been highly successful in "the fields of research, mineralogy, soil analysis, and food values." The Jupiterian-Saturnian child "can engage successfully in brick-moulding, in terra cotta factories, lime, cement, sand and artificial stone factories, or marble and stone yards. He can also be successful . . . in fertilizer factories, paint and varnish factories, powder mills, cartridge, dynamite, fuse and firework factories, and soap factories." The same child can write "a profound treatise on philosophy . . . can make a most successful president of a college and can teach music in all its forms if his grade is fine." Heavens, what opportunities I have missed! What a wasted life lies behind me—I who might have made a fortune in brick-moulding and have written philosophical treatises in my spare time. My father, unfortunately, studied Latin and Greek instead of palmistry, and so I am what I am.

On the whole, however, I think there is more of Saturn and Apollo in my palm than of Jupiter. I shrink from confessing the Saturnian element in my nature, for Mr. Benham gives a far from flattering portrait of the Saturnian even at its best. As for the type at its worst, he tells us: "We must never forget the depths to which a Saturnian child can descend. In appearance he may have stooping shoulders . . . often with crossed eyes, scant, coarse hair, and leathery skin—such an one will be capable of almost any crime. He is malevolent and a low, mean, surly villain." The only thing that makes me doubt whether I am a true Saturnian child is the statement that the Saturnian child "has a mathematical mind" and that he "can write a great deal, mostly on scientific subjects." Perhaps, after all, I may be the easy-going Apollonian type, of whom it is said that "he will not always take the trouble to become profound in any subject, and therefore does the things that take the least exertion." But mark this, you who mock at the Apollonian. "If he can be aroused he can become a scientist of attainments, or he can be brilliant in many different lines." If he can be aroused! Perhaps even now it is not too late. An effort of will and I may suddenly blossom out as an eminent scientist, and startle the world by my brilliance "in many different lines."

Y.Y.

STERILISING THE INEFFECTIVE

IT may be taken as axiomatic that every deliberate interference with individual liberty needs justification. Each time we limit the range of personal initiative, and lessen the measure of personal responsibility, we do an injury to humanity; and we may rightly be challenged to show that we are coincidently removing evils or conferring benefits that outweigh our act of stultification. Many remedies for the economic anxieties of capitalism have been suggested. One that is popular at the moment is that which consists in the sterilisation of the socially inefficient—that is, those who fail to contribute their part to the ever-fattening purse of the world's bond-holders. It seems to be assumed that social unadaptiveness and economic inadequacy are Mendelian unit-characteristics, transmitted in the germ-plasm according to the simple laws which determine tallness and shortness in garden peas. We all recognise the undesirability of poverty. So, the argument would seem to run, since poverty is a characteristic of poor people, what simpler method for its abolition could there be than the sterilisation of those who carry this taint?

The sterilisation of mental defectives has effected an entrance into that strange enclosure known as the field of practical politics. The Government has appointed a committee of experts to consider and report upon the question; and the sterilisation of the socially inefficient is advocated from orthodox pulpit and orthodox platform. "While we continue to breed as the cave-man bred, automatically and instinctively," says the complacent Mr. Gallichan*, "our future outlook is appalling." "We excel in the scientific breeding of horses, cows, dogs, cats, and rabbits; but the

* *Sterilisation of the Unfit.* Laurie. 2s. 6d.

production of superior men and women we leave to chance." The problem is not to be stated in quite such simple terms. The dog-fancier, aiming at length of nose or hardness of coat, is able to exploit the established laws of heredity. A race of blue-eyed men or fair-haired women could doubtless be built up by such means. But human excellence is a somewhat more complicated affair. In the first place, there is no general agreement as to its components, or as to their relative importance. Is business incapacity less desirable than cruelty? Is scholastic ability worthier than a kindly heart? Are physical or mental limitations of the greater moment? And, even if we all came to an agreement on these things, how much will our knowledge of embryology and of the laws of heredity help us to reach our goal? Professor Raymond Pearl recently reminded our eugenist highbrows that "in preaching as they do that like produces like, and that therefore superior people will have superior children, and inferior people inferior children, they are going contrary to the best-established facts of genetical science." As Professor Jennings puts it, the old notion that the genes are static character-bearing entities will not hold water. They should rather be looked upon as packets of chemicals which interact among themselves, and so give rise to compounds phenomenally very unlike their constituent elements. It is those compounds which afford the characteristics of any given individual. In a very interesting book by Dr. Landman, of New York, published this year†, various investigations into the life histories and ancestry of children—feeble-minded and other—are analysed. These findings convincingly demonstrate the inapplicability of the Mendelian law—narrowly interpreted as it usually is—to the inheritance of mental qualities. For instance, it is often stated as an incontrovertible fact that all the children resulting from the union of two feeble-minded parents will also be feeble-minded. But Freeman and others, investigating the mental capacity of 671 foster-children, found that of 26 children each with both parents feeble-minded, only four had an intelligence quotient even slightly below seventy. Evidently, the environmental influence of the foster-parents played as big a part as blood-relationship. Moral defectiveness proved to be altogether unrelated to heredity. A few years ago, Dr. Neil Dayton, of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Diseases, made an analysis of 3,553 backward public school children, 72 per cent. of whom were classified as feeble-minded. He found that in only 7 per cent. was there any evidence of mental defect in *either* parent. In his report, he gives expression to his opinion that "it has always seemed that we are asking too much of heredity when we expect the transmission of the hodge-podge of characteristics which we now call feeble-mindedness."

The recent British Medical Association Report is much to the same effect. "In view of the expressions of opinion brought to its notice," the Committee reports, "in which great expectations have been held out as to the probable reduction in the incidence of mental defectives by means of sterilisation we consider, in the present state of our knowledge, that sterilisation, even widely applied to mental defectives, would cause no appreciable difference in the number of such in the community for many generations." On the common fiction of eugenic propagandists that the feeble-minded are exceptionally prolific, "and that their stock increases at a rate so far in excess of the normal stock as to be alarming," the Committee also throws cold water. "It has never been quite clear," the Report says, "what are the reliable data on which such belief has been founded, and recent critical examination of such data as are available does not support it."

It is obvious that, as a means for stamping out mental deficiency or social inadequacy, the sterilisation even of the whole of the 300,000 certifiable mental defectives in this country would be of small avail. If, nevertheless, such sterilisation came to be enforceable by law, we may be pretty sure that only those subnormals in intelligence who, in the circumstances of our industrial order, found themselves without visible means of subsistence would be subjected to it. It were fanciful to suppose that the feeble-minded recipient of an assured income, or the feeble-minded child of well-to-do parents, would be interfered with. There are some admirable arguments for wholesale sterilisation. It would, in many ways, be an excellent thing if the normal manifestations of love could be freed from all thought of consequences; if the most satisfying of the adventures open to man could be looked upon as disinterestedly and unprudentially as poetry or as the contemplation of beauty itself. The propagation of the species might—once we had eliminated certain traits from our nature—be made the specialised duty of selected individuals, and human breeding be conducted with the same scientific efficiency as that—so admired by the eugenists—which characterises the conduct of the stud-farm and the raising of pedigree pigs. But the notion that the sterilising of a few thousand poor simpletons who are weak in their arithmetic or fail to recognise the orderly beauties of our industrial system is going appreciably to raise the intellectual standard of the nation is just a fairy-tale of old-wives' science. HARRY ROBERTS.

† *Human Sterilisation.* Macmillan. 16s.

SELF-RECOGNITION

Public opinion in Japan demands immediate Japanese recognition of "Manchukuo," the new Manchurian State, before the League Commission can report.

ALTHOUGH I never yet could see
One valid reason, I confess,
Why Smith, my neighbour, should possess
His goods and chattels, which would be
Of much more benefit to *me*,

My fears have ruined every plan
To seize his property as mine;
But now all's well, for I design
To follow up as best I can
The fair example of Japan.

The goods, when seized, shall be conveyed
By cunning processes of law
To one John Doe, a man of straw,
By whom, for some small pittance paid,
My lightest wish will be obeyed.

Next I shall publish a decree
By which I recognise the right
Of Doe to hold, in Smith's despite,
The various properties which he
Holds (*entre nous*) in trust for me.

That seems to settle it; for none
Will surely grudge, in times like ours,
That men should imitate the Powers,
And following The Rising Sun
Be thief, and "fence," and judge in one.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE NAZIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With interest I have read the letter of W. Horsfall Carter in your issue of June 25th. A very large number of Germans are only too thankful to hear of "the general chorus crabbing Germany's National Socialism." Every reasonable

German shudders at the thought of his Fatherland being handed over to a party whose leaders openly say they will never permit Pacifism or "Marxism," their term of abuse, not only for Communism but for all forms of democracy. They rave against the "red terror" and in the same breath demand of the "Reichsinnenminister" that he should hand over the Government to the "Nazis" or arm the S.A. (Brown Army) and "in *one night* the red November spook" would be put an end to.

As to the young "Conservative-revolutionaries" of the Universities, I heard the other day of a "Verbindungs-Student" who was fined by his "Verbindung" because he refused to attend a "Nazi" meeting, and I have no doubt he is no exception.

If the Hitler movement is "basically anti-capitalist," why on Friday, June 25th, in the Prussian Landtag, did the Nazis not vote for the limitation of incomes to 12,000 marks a year? (This maximum was an important feature in Hitler's programme.) The resolution, however, was moved by the Communists and carried with the support of the Social Democrats, the people whom your correspondent accuses of being "wedded to the established capitalist system."

Only for a few months was there a real Social Democratic Government in Germany: since then there has always been a Coalition Government, and the Social Democrats have been compelled to make compromises just because they refused to terrorise. Your correspondent speaks of the "genuinely Socialist elements of the Nazi movement." How a genuine Socialist can be an enemy of Internationalism and Pacifism surpasses my comprehension. May I recommend Mr. Carter to read the *Basler Nationalzeitung* of June 13th? Perhaps then he would change his opinion as to which German party is "fast working up for the next war"!

It is significant that I must ask the Editor not to give my full name and address, as I have no desire that my humble head should "roll"! M. K.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The future of agriculture is so overwhelmingly important as compared with the future of umbrella making, and almost every other making, that it is pertinent to ask, after these years of fact-and-conclusion giving by S. L. B. what are *our* conclusions; the conclusions of your readers, all of whom are supposedly interested in the nation's statesmanship, and the *solution* as well as the reiteration of its problems? It is easy enough to be good-temperedly patient with lots of innate conservatism we meet every day; but the cost of patience with the innate in this case is such that patience is not only misplaced but little short of imbecile, the issues being what they are.

The future of agriculture is of national concern—even national urgency—or it is not. If "It is" is the answer, surely the first crucial query is, "Is a mountain of innate cast-iron individualism to keep its place and power, or is this national basic industry to be drastically reorganised in spite of it?" S. L. B. gives the names of a group of men who in their own sphere have capacity enough to achieve an appreciable prosperity even in these very bad times. They have the brains, energy, and capital to do the job, and they do it.

I put it to all students of this problem that, given the necessary scope, the full utilisation of this class of brains and energy would, in a very few years, bring the country within measurable distance of a 100 per cent. agricultural prosperity, and with enormous advantage to most other industries. The cost on the capital-reinforcement side would result, one is convinced, in a balance sheet in very comforting contrast to the frightening cost of creating the new and not over-promising sugar-making industry. There would be no need to "sack" the "industrious, obstinate and now obsolete" farmer. We could afford the patience necessary to his continued use as an overseer, though not as a boss, given his willingness to fall into line with the national need. We could, given that willingness, also afford him a reasonable interest upon his capital left in the industry, a reasonable salary, and a status both stable and honourable, plus relief from anxiety that no set of individuals ought to have to carry; anxiety about weather and market vagaries. What is now the separate farm would become a part of the appropriate "larger and self-contained unit." A natural development of the self-containing factor would be an unlimited outspreading, but that need not immediately concern us. It would be found that there is a natural correlation between the nine departments of production: cereals, meat, milk, eggs and poultry, potatoes and all main vegetables, greenhouse crops, fruit, hops, and flowers. Really efficient and economical marketing (involving proper grading and transport) would be organised as a matter of the course of common sense, wiping out the often scandalous margin between cost price and consumer price. The pro-public control of all necessary supplies from abroad, and the factory-absorption of all home glut-crops, would be a part of the market organising job. It is all a case of courage to scrap the obsolete or wasteful and the use of the right brains and energy in the courageous way.

But in all it must not be forgotten that a full wage for the worker is a *sine qua non*: there cannot be prosperity without it. And S. L. B. reminds us of the smallholder who likes to work extra hard and long for the sake of what he calls freedom and independence. One has no personal objection to the maintenance of this special class of relatively buried men so long as they will leave an open door to a greater freedom and independence for their women and youngsters. JESSE HAWKES.

Hemel Hempstead.

A MANAGED CURRENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Cadbury, I do not know whether to meet his savage attack on the Athenæum Club or to deal with the less serious part of his letter in your issue of July 2nd. As he agrees that we are poles apart in our ideas, I expect it is best to leave his reply and the Athenæum Club where they stand. But I should like to say that he exaggerates the importance of stable gold exchanges. Provided the trader can deal in forward exchange, fluctuations in exchange rates do not matter so much, although they may annoy individual manufacturers. Anyone with experience of the City of London would assure Mr. Cadbury of that fact. There are other matters to which I would like to draw Mr. Cadbury's attention, but perhaps you will allow me to fill in the gaps in my last article on the new currency at some later date. E. H. DAVENPORT.

TRAGEDY AND THE BOX-OFFICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As no active manager has risen to Mr. Hubert Griffith's attractive bait in your issue of two weeks ago, I—who warmly endorse the contention in his last paragraph—must emerge from retirement, but to question his supporting evidence. In the interests of accuracy in theatrical record, and in the hope that Mr. Griffith will develop the constructive side of his argument, I venture to point out that the statement about the Everyman Theatre and transferred plays is not correct.

During the five years I controlled the "Everyman" eight plays were transferred to West End theatres, in each case with satisfactory financial results, but, as Mr. Griffith says, in only three with "big financial success." Those three, however, were:

At Mrs. Beam's,
The Mask and the Face,
The Vortex,

and these three were equally successful. The first two are comedies and *The Vortex*, if it is listed anywhere as "tragedy" was nevertheless received by the audience as comedy—it had a "happy ending" so "conventional" as to be classic. (Sonny flings himself weeping into mummy's arms swearing he'll never do it again; mummy responds "me too," and they jointly sob the curtain down.)

The vulgar-mindedness of the characters was seen as a tragedy by Mr. Coward, by Mr. Griffith, and by some others of us, but not by those who made the "big financial success." Mr. Coward had something to say, and he said it "boldly and honestly" and *theatrically* and the public flocked to see. It is indeed true the public never will fail to flock to this combination, but is it equally true that it is only managers who so signally fail to recognise in it the theatre's "clear advantage over the cinema"? Apply this measuring-rod with sincerity and consistency in any theatre and that theatre will in the end achieve "big financial success." But in these speculative days where can be found the theatrical financier who will "risk" such financing? Business wise men, or rather shrewd men, fight shy of the theatre—the others look to it as a more glamorous sort of Irish Sweep in which that is

not success that brings less than a fortune. That the theatre is to-day primarily if not entirely a speculation and not an art or even a sanely conducted business for supplying a public demand is a secondary infection from which the theatre of London is dying.

Penman's Green, Chipperfield, Herts. NORMAN MACDERMOTT.

HOW IT HITS HOLLAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Though an internationalist, and one always ready to interpret his internationalism in a sense favourable to Holland, I must protest against Mr. Eddison's letter in a recent issue. If Holland suffers because Great Britain has left the gold standard, it is because she has elected not to follow Britain's example. Holland must have judged that the advantage of sticking to the gold standard outweighed the disadvantage. It is for her to judge whether she was right or not. I think that leaving the gold standard is one of the few wise things the British have done of recent years. (Of course, they did it without meaning to.)

68 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1. G. J. RENIER.

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE B.B.C.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—To those who believe in Free Speech as a general principle it is most encouraging to be joined by Mr. Winston Churchill. He feels sure that the B.B.C. evades his offers to broadcast a speech because his views are unacceptable to the Government. The independent view, he affirms, has a right to be heard.

The organiser of the British Gazette of 1926 has a special claim to defend the impartial presentation of news: once again the British public stands in Mr. Churchill's debt. For although Socialists objected last autumn that it was improper for the Government to commandeer the B.B.C., it was clearly the protest of men putting party before country. But Mr. Churchill is known as a patriot, and his accession to the cause of Free Speech will perhaps bring prestige to a faith which has become a little unfashionable. AINSLIE DARBY.

87 Alexandra Road, N.W.8.

Miscellany

THE POPULARITY OF GOOD ACTING

WITHIN the last fortnight it has been possible for play-goers to see some exceptionally good acting. One of those opportunities is already past. The four weeks' season of French plays at Daly's Theatre came to an end on the 1st July, and M. André Brulé and Mlle. Madeleine Lely and their fellow-actors have gone back to France. Next time I for one am determined to see more of them. The last play they acted was *La Troisième Chambre*, a light comedy by Sacha Guitry and Albert Willemetz—the lighter M. Guitry is, the better. His play had this in common with *Evensong*, which I propose also to deal with under the head of "Acting," that it was well designed to display the actors. *La Troisième Chambre* was not, as might be supposed, a bedroom, but a Court room in which a successful barrister, one Maître Jacques Bernier, usually pleaded. It was this part that M. Brulé interpreted so admirably. Bernier specialised as the advocate of injured husbands. His own disastrous marriage enabled him to put an urgency into his pleading on behalf of injured males which earned for him a lucrative reputation. How lucrative we discovered in a delightful way during the long interval, when we were invited on to the stage to inspect the admirable collection of modern French pictures, Derains, Gauguins, Utrillos, etc., which hung upon the walls of his study. Bernier was introduced to us as a man who has made something more than a hobby out of his mistrust of women. Even his man-servant is an injured husband, and during the first act we were present at his interviews with clients. Among them was a rich manufacturer who had been deserted by his wife as abruptly as Maître Bernier himself had once been. Madame Deschamps (Mlle. Lely) had not run off with a lover, but after a short period, which her self-absorbed husband supposed to have been as blissful to her as it had been to him, decamped and refused to return to him. This was a case into which Jacques Bernier could throw himself with exceptional energy, and he succeeded in conveying to the jury such a vivid impression of the contemptible light-mindedness of Madame Deschamps that Monsieur obtained his divorce with flying colours. While he was still in a glow, after vindicating once again in the person of his client the serious reliable sex, an interviewer was announced, who presently revealed herself to be the woman whom he had just been vilifying in Court. She proceeded to put before him a woman's version of "a happy marriage," and as he listened an uneasy feeling began to creep over him that what she was saying about busy, egotistical husbands might well apply to his own case. More than that, he found that he was beginning to understand and admire a woman for the first time.

This scene was a remarkable piece of acting. The burden of it, of course, fell on Mlle. Lely, who had to unfold a long story, which she did with exquisite modulations of voice and emotion. It was a difficult feat to introduce into it so much variety of intonation and emphasis, while keeping the pathos and indignation on a conversational level all the time. Had there been nothing else remarkable in the play it would have been worth a connoisseur's while going to hear her deliver that one speech. M. Brulé's opportunity came in the last act when he declared himself. The qualities in which he struck me as excelling had admirable scope in this scene and throughout the play: a sincere and peremptory eloquence, and a dry, abrupt humour. The acting of Dennis Eadie must be fresh in the memory of many play-goers, and those who did not see M. Brulé may get some idea of his individuality if they imagine Dennis Eadie acting with greater pace and intensity. Bernier's comic secretary was admirably acted by Mlle. Lydie Villars, and Miss Irene Wells gave a most amusing performance as an American woman who wanted to get rid of her husband on the ground of her own adultery.

Here was a play which, had it been in our own language, would have certainly drawn. Yet it had (this is my point) only one real merit; it was designed to exhibit the art of the actor. Now this is also true of *Evensong*; and as in the case of *La Troisième Chambre* the principal actress takes advantage of every opportunity her part offers. In saying this I do not wish to rob either the novelist or the dramatist of credit due to them. Quite the contrary. They have drawn the character of Irela firmly. Apart from a main situation, which exhibits this Queen of song in all her ridiculous, pathetic and monstrous egotism, they have devised many minor incidents which expose it. I have not read Mr. Beverley Nichols' novel, but I have no doubt he supplied what on the stage was conveyed by Miss Edith Evans's extraordinarily subtle and consistent acting. What is interesting to the critic is that in preparing this novel for the stage the joint authors have selected precisely those traits which acting makes most effective. Only Mrs. Patrick Campbell could have done equal justice to the opportunities which Miss Edith Evans seized upon with artistic avidity.

The underlying theme of the play is pathetic, not to say tragic. Irel , who for many years has been the world's most famous soprano, has reached an age when her voice is beginning to lose its perfection. She is still surrounded by adulation, and the great stupid public is as yet unaware of her decadence. Only her Russian manager, a man who has adored the artist in her to the pitch of forgiving the woman all her faults (no easy matter), knows that her day is over. He tells her so. He cannot bear the idea of a great singer parodying herself in order to satisfy her glut

tonous appetite for ignorant adulation. This part was taken by Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, and, small as it is, he managed to fill it with remarkable individuality. It was a little piece of real creative acting.

Irela in her heart knows perfectly well that her day is over, but she won't face it; and the strain of lying to herself brings out all that is most unscrupulously domineering and greedily selfish in a spoilt woman, in whom perpetual success has already exaggerated a natural egotism. We see her first quarrelling with her devoted manager, wildly accusing him of treachery, and engineering paragraphs in favour of her detested younger rival. We see her with the desperation of a sinking woman clutching at the naive adoration of her niece whom she is determined to keep by her at the cost of destroying her chances of a happy marriage. Her hypertrophied egotism is exhibited from many angles, and I notice that some of my colleagues, while admiring enthusiastically the amazing adroitness and completeness of Miss Edith Evans's performance, have written of it as though it were a painful exhibition. What to my mind predominated was the comedy of Irela's outrageous egotism and scared vanity. We find ourselves laughing at her just as we cannot help laughing at, say, Hialmar Ekdal. The comedy is in a sense grim (at least to the moralist), but it is comedy, and good broad comedy too. It is a proof of the perfection of Miss Edith Evans's interpretation that whenever she is pathetic we sympathise with her intensely. She succeeds alternately in being monstrously inconsiderate and touchingly helpless, in being at one moment a person of reginal dignity, the next as humiliatingly hysterical as a spoilt woman could be.

The theme of *Evensong* is far from being the kind which secures a good run, but it is safe to prophesy for this piece a long success. Why? Because there is really nothing more popular than first-rate acting, and if a play only gives full scope to exceptional talent the public will enjoy it even if it is a merciless study in human nature.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

SIBELIUS

THE Sibelius Society is to be congratulated on its enterprise in arranging the Sibelius Concert at the Queen's Hall last Monday night, when Professor Robert Kajanus, of Helsingfors, Finland, conducted a programme of orchestral music by his compatriot, Jean Sibelius, which was extensive enough to give one a view of the Finnish composer's music as a whole.

A purely orchestral concert devoted to the works of one composer only is the most exacting test possible, and the fact that a large audience enjoyed this concert from the beginning to the end is in itself a tribute to Sibelius's quality. The items selected were his popular tone-poem *Finlandia*, Op. 26—an early work, about 1899 in date, which is jolly, straightforward music played by Professor Kajanus in a clear, direct style; the Symphony No. 3 in C major, Op. 52, written in 1905–7; the Symphonic Poem *Daughter of the North* or *Pojola's Daughter*, 1903–1905; the Symphonic Poem *Tapiola*, Op. 112, written in 1925; and the Symphony No. 5 in E flat major, Op. 82, finished in 1915.

These compositions range from 1899 to 1925, that is to say over twenty-five years, and should, therefore, give one an idea of Sibelius's development. Actually I do not think these compositions show much development or change of style. And I believe that another concert of about the same length might be given in which the side of Sibelius represented, for example, by his fourth symphony would find more adequate expression. If we take the programme as presented to us last Monday night we shall have difficulty in understanding the extremely high claims which some musicians make for Sibelius's music.

In last Monday's programme Sibelius proves himself to possess three important gifts, namely: invention, individuality, and constructive power. We have it on the authority of Mr. Cecil Gray and of Sibelius himself that the great majority of his themes are his own and are neither folk-songs nor adapted from folk-songs. Even of *Finlandia* Mr. Grays says: "Not merely are the themes the composer's own, but they are in no way imitations of or derivations from his native folk-music." If this is so we must grant that Sibelius has a rich gift of melodic invention comparable to Tchaikovsky's. It is, of course, true that the material of music is of minor importance. A mere gift for tunes never yet made a great composer, any more than a mere gift for plot ever made a great dramatist or novelist. If this were not so the tune-makers and the plot-hatchers—the Sullivans and the Sardous, the Puccinis and the Edgar Wallaces—would be better composers and dramatists than Beethoven, Shakespeare, and Molière. Shakespeare and Molière borrowed or stole (whichever word you like) nearly all their plots from other writers, and Beethoven created one of his longest and greatest works out of a "cobbler's patch" by Diabelli as if deliberately to show how insignificant the actual "material" of music might be.

Having recognised this fact we must, however, admit that melodic invention is part of a musician's creative gift; also, that in this particular gift there are, as in every other gift, enormous differences in quality. There is no way of assessing the artistic value of melodies, of measuring or grading their beauty or significance, but every sensitive musician is aware of these differences; they are fundamental; and nobody who is incapable of distinguishing a melody by Mozart from one by Puccini is capable of having any opinion on music that is worth listening to—unless, indeed, he happens to be tone-deaf but is sensitive to rhythm. But in this latter case he would be able to discern Mozart's greater significance and beauty by the rhythm alone.

Sibelius's melodic gift is like Tchaikovsky's, delightful but not of a very rare or very significant quality. The comparison with Tchaikovsky is meant as high praise and does not mean that there are not great differences also in the melodic invention of these two composers. Tchaikovsky's is, if anything, less individual, but more gracious, smoother, and more fluent in style. One might say that Tchaikovsky's music finds its inspiration rather in song than in dance, whereas it is the reverse with Sibelius, all of whose music—as far as I know it—seems to derive not from song, not even folk-song, but from folk-dance. This, I think, is the explanation of the monotony of much of his music. The last movement *moderato—allegro* of the third symphony is a conspicuous example of this rhythmic monotony, and it will be found that Sibelius's favourite method of building up a climax is the method of the folk-dance. Constant rhythmic reiteration growing faster and louder.

His second virtue, a power of construction, is again of a strictly limited kind. He can make an attractive lyrical movement, as, for example, the *Andantino* of the third symphony and the *Andante* of the fifth symphony, in both of which he develops charming and individual material in delightful ways; but in the *Andantino* there is no strict development, only contrasts of mood and colour obtained chiefly by instrumentation, although in the *Andante*, which is a fine piece of construction, there is more subtlety and logic. Both these movements show a power of construction which distinguishes them from such a lyrical movement, as the middle section of César Franck's symphony which might be given as the classical example of a composer's inability to do anything with a beautiful tune beyond stating it and restating it. His power of construction is perhaps best shown (among the works in Monday's programme) by the symphonic poem *Tapiola*, in which the actual material counts for much less than usual with Sibelius.

Personally, what I like best in Sibelius is an individual quality which is imaginative. It occurs only in moments now and then when he manages to express a mood by means

of very personal harmony and instrumentation. This harmony and instrumentation is the very opposite of all that is thick and luscious. It is, for example, as unlike Brahms or Elgar as it is possible to be. In none of the music we heard on Monday night was this quality particularly noticeable, but it was present at the end of the *Daughter of the North* and occasionally in the first movement of the third symphony and in *Tapiola*. I rather suspect this was the quality Sibelius himself had in his mind when he told a German publisher once that whereas most modern composers were producing nothing but cocktails he offered to the public only pure cold water. My only criticism of Sibelius is that the water is not always as pure and as cold as I should like it to be, and that there is not enough of it.

W. J. TURNER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Richard of Bordeaux

THE fall of Mr. Gordon Daviot's *Richard of Bordeaux*, a ruler unstable in action but faithful to the arts, makes a fine play. The author, bringing to the theme fresh material and a new idea, completely justifies himself in using it again. The fact that Shakespeare made of it one of his most glorious poetic tragedies need not prevent a modern dramatist, aware of the facts brought to light by recent historical research, from painting another portrait. Mr. Daviot sees in Richard's defeat the vain resistance of a cultured man, born before his time, to the barbarism of contemporary manners. The King is an idealist fighting for peace and civilisation against the militarism of the bloodthirsty offspring of Edward III and the inarticulate British stupidity of Henry Bolingbroke. Or, again, he is a soul torn in two by the conflicting impulses of heredity, as represented by the Black Prince, and environment, as represented by the passionately loved Anne of Bohemia and the admired Robert de Vere, ironic poet and dilettante of the Court. When these two die, Richard falls a victim to the ferocious side of his own character. Though the author uses his many episodes to throw light on the central problem, the significance of Anne's death, profoundly affecting, as it does, the course of Richard's life, is swamped by so much detail. What is in fact the turning point of his career is made to seem only one incident among many. This is a serious fault of construction. But here is a moving theme developed with insight and compassion and embodied in a production so lovely that one can only hope these two Arts Theatre performances of the play will be followed by a continuous run. Mr. John Gielgud brought to the part of Richard all his fine qualities of voice and expression and Miss Gwen Ffrangçon Davies, as Anne, is a princess charming indeed.

Intimate Relations

Relying neither on its dialogue, which is pedestrian, nor on its situations, which are almost painfully unsurprising, *Intimate Relations* at the Little Theatre provides an oddly amusing evening, if you are in a reasonably receptive frame of mind. Its chief attraction is its author's readiness to believe, temporarily, in his own puppets, which, in one or two instances at least, achieve a vitality of caricature which makes you miss them when they leave the stage and welcome them when they return. Is it a complete coincidence that the author's name is Stafford Dickens? At all events, with the invaluable co-operation of Mr. Wilfred Caithness in the part, he provides in the person of one Andrew Toomley a "type" which is robust enough to have begun life somewhere in the crowds of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Seedily unctuous and pompously amiable, in the "twopence coloured" tradition, he is refreshingly funny in his completely irrelevant context. The other bright aspect of the evening is Mr. Melville Cooper's performance as a very shy and simple young man on whom his employer's wife has designs. Mr. Cooper's face has the true kaleidoscopic expressiveness of the genuine farceur, and the ideas, as they chase themselves across it, take on an extra comic significance—of which, usually enough, they are sadly in need.

Russian Talking Film at the Cambridge Theatre

In 1923 Russian towns were overrun by homeless, starving boys whose parents had been killed in the war, the revolution or the famine. When asked what he wanted, one child of some twelve years replied, "Vodka and women." Police methods had failed, the boys escaped from reformatories, and the authorities were helpless in the face of the children's cynicism and cunning. A committee of social workers was appointed to tackle the problem, and one night a raid was made on the cellars where the little ruffians slept. A Children's Collective was started, and the U.S.S.R. succeeded in turning hooligans into socially conscious citizens. On these facts Nicolai Ekk has made a Russian talking film. The attraction of the film is the good, if not perfect, juxtaposition of emotional appeal, dramatic incidents, and commonsense organisation. And, though it has been said so often of Russian faces, there is an extraordinary fascination in their childlike changes of expression. Because of its excellent film technique the propaganda is more convincing than has been the case with some recent overweighted propaganda films made by the U.S.S.R.

Alice at Bumpus

In 1865 was published *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, with illustrations by John Tenniel. The story lost its copyright in 1907, and since then thirty-four artists have done pictures of Alice and her companions. I imagine this is a record; and that probably no other children's book was ever so quickly issued in translation—there are Czech, Chinese, and Irish versions of *Alice* as well as French, German and Italian. All of these, and many other things of great interest to all who love the details of an author's work and method, may be seen at the Lewis Carroll Centenary Exhibition at Messrs. Bumpus. The exhibition should serve to correct the idea that Lewis Carroll is memorable only because of Alice: had he never written her books he would, it is true, have been only one more academic celebrity, packed with the entertaining oddities encouraged by University life in the last century. This exhibition should also put an end to the legend, so diligently cherished by Carroll himself, that between Lewis Carroll and C. L. Dodgson there was an impassable gulf. The freakishness of the great poet of nonsense is found again and again lightening the works of the mathematician.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, July 8th—
A. D. Lindsay on "Helping the Unemployed," B.B.C., 7.30.

Saturday, July 9th—
Society for Cultural Relations. Fête, Easton Lodge, Dunmow, 11.30–8.
Kenneth Bell on "The Nations at Ottawa," B.B.C., 7.5.

Sunday, July 10th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "West and East," Conway Hall, 11.
Mutual Benefit, St. Martin's.

Monday, July 11th—
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Q.

Tuesday, July 12th—
Lewis Carroll Matinee, St. James.

Thursday, July 14th—
Chelsea String Quartet, Yorke Hall, South Kensington, 8.30.
Garden Party in Aid of St. Pancras Housing Improvement Society, The Elms, Spaniards Road, 3–9.30.
Concert in aid of Paddington Infant Saving Campaign, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Hogarth Press are not ingenious merely, but at times altruistic. In the intervals of publishing best sellers they afford to adolescent poets the very salutary shock of seeing themselves in print. And in their Letters Series they have provided the less industrious among our intellectuals with the chance of transmitting to posterity those treasures of experience and insight which might otherwise have perished in the wastes of conversation. Mr. Forster, but for them, might never have committed to paper the very striking train of thoughts evoked by the isolation of Madan Blanchard. Mr. Raymond Mortimer, had it not been for the opportunity thus offered, might well have allowed his stimulating reflections upon Art and the British Public to evaporate as the smoke of his cigarette. And the voice of Mr. Francis Birrell, intoning against the conventions of our territorial bourgeoisie, might, had it not been for the Hogarth Press, have remained a voice and nothing more. Being well aware of the indolence, the self-criticism, the morbid gymnophobia of our brighter intellects, the Hogarth Press in this series have provided a medium which, while "intimate, irreticent, indiscreet in the extreme," combines the ease of conversation with the durability of the printed page: a medium, moreover, which is so fugitive and unpretentious as to constitute for our shy intellectuals an alibi and an excuse. In fact, as Mrs. Woolf has discovered, "the great age of letter writing, which is the present, will leave no letters behind it": the very intimacy of our correspondence will induce our puritan children to burn these distressing relics. Yet I should venture to predict that two letters, to say the least, will be read by posterity with curiosity and pleasure. The first is *A Letter to a Young Poet* by Virginia Woolf. The second is *A Letter to a Modern Novelist* by Hugh Walpole. Each of these pregnant epistles, in which the generation of 1910 confronts the generation of 1932, is published by the Hogarth Press for the sum of one shilling.

* * *

Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Walpole are not, by any means, the same sort of person. The former is volatile, wary and wise. The latter is sturdy, credulous and romantic. Each possesses an intelligence both generous and alert: each accords to the rising generation a welcome both unenvious and critical: each is honestly anxious to discover why it is that the writings of the very young leave them with that hollow feeling inside. Yet whereas Mrs. Woolf treats the young with a detached indulgence, Mr. Walpole, for all his sturdiness, flicks at them sometimes in irritation, sometimes with coy gestures of self-defence.

In the bonnets of each of these two praiseworthy writers there buzzes a bee: yet whereas the bee of Mrs. Woolf has fed upon the acrid thyme of Hymettus, the bumble bee of Mr. Walpole has been nurtured on the mignonette of a cathedral close. It is all the more strange and interesting, therefore, that two such disparate personalities should reach such similar conclusions, since both, in their divergent manners, indict the young for being conceited, selfish, superficial, aimless and incoherent.

* * *

Mrs. Woolf accuses her poet, Mr. Walpole accuses his novelist, of unhealthy self-consciousness. The former warns her young friend that "once you begin to take yourself seriously as a leader, or as a follower, as a modern or as a conservative, then you become a self-conscious, biting and scratching little animal, whose work is not of the slightest value or importance to anybody." She therefore begs the young person to evolve into "something much humbler and less spectacular." She recommends a little dignity, a sense, even, of the continuity of English letters:

> In short, you are an immensely ancient, complex and continuous character, for which reason please treat yourself with respect and think twice before you dress up as Guy Fawkes and spring out upon timid old ladies at street corners, threatening death and demanding twopence-halfpenny.

Mr. Walpole is also much distressed by the self-dramatisation of the young. "My dear Richard," he protests, "you have given me only a part of yourself, and even then yourself in the theatre, on the platform, doing your damnedest in public." And he therefore begs his Richard to study *Fumée* and to read *Barchester Towers*. In a similar vein do they approach the self-centred egoism of the younger modernist. Mr. Walpole reproves Richard for recording only those experiences which have interested himself, for being indifferent to whether that interest is communicated to the reader. Mrs. Woolf treats such narcissism with equal regret but greater understanding. She recognises that "bad poetry is almost always the result of forgetting oneself," yet she finds it unfortunate that her young poet should "be much less interested in what we have in common than in what he has apart." She urges him, therefore, to face the difficult problem of the right relationship "between the self you know and the world outside," and she suggests, as an aid to such confrontation, the experiment of "imagining that one is not oneself but somebody different."

* * *

Neither to Mrs. Woolf nor yet to Mr. Walpole does this self-conscious egoism of the young modernist furnish a complete diagnosis of the malady. The lack of vital energy, the pernicious anæmia, of modern poetry, of the modern novel, must, as they recognise, be ascribed to causes deeper than this recurrent symptom of adolescence. Mr. Walpole, when faced by the sparkling vacuity of Richard's novel, flushes in anger. "You have," he writes (rather rudely I think), "You have little concentration, a poor power of rejection and no emotional feeling at all. But then you are very young. . . ." Mrs. Woolf, on approaching a similar point in her letter to the young poet is calmer and, as such, more courteous: "For a long time now poetry has shirked contact with—what shall we call it?—Shall we shortly, and, no doubt, inaccurately, call it life?" Mr. Walpole accuses his Richard of being "unreal." Mrs. Woolf condoles with her poet on the difficulty of making a whole from all these separate fragments, of fusing the topical with the universal, "until the taxis are dancing with the daffodils." Through such stages they both, by implication, reach the conclusion that what is wrong with the modernist mind is that the analytical has swamped the synthetic. Mr. Walpole regrets that the disbelief of the young men of 1932 is never even unwillingly suspended: they have lost the sense of ethical conflict: and with it they have lost the gift of integration or narrative. Mrs. Woolf regrets also this incapacity for integration, the bungling of the modernist when he endeavours to solder or to fuse:

> The poem is cracked in the middle. Look, it comes apart in my hands: here is reality on one side, here is beauty on the other; and instead of acquiring a whole object rounded and entire, I am left with broken parts in my hands which, since my reason has been roused and my imagination has not been allowed to take entire possession of me, I contemplate coldly, critically, and with distaste.

* * *

The thoughts suggested by these two stimulating essays are sufficiently obvious. The stream of literature flows, not with the continuous progression of a river, but with the flux and reflux of a tide. It was inevitable that the flood-tide of Victorian certitudes should produce a wide-drawn ebb of belief. The tide may now be once more upon the turn: I hope it is: we are getting bored by dead crabs and ginger-beer bottles. But until it does turn (and the impulse will then be social rather than religious) it is as hopeless to expect integration or synthesis from the moderns as it would be useless to expect the more clinical subtleties of analysis in a Victorian.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

Dicky Chimes. By PHILIP KNIGHTRIDER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Marriage in Heaven. By RONALD FRASER. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Year before Last. By KAY BOYLE. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Sugared Grief. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The History and Adventures of Richard Fitz Chimes is one of the oddest things that have happened for some years. Here is a novel of which the action begins in the early nineteenth century and ends in 1918 or thereabouts, and yet bears evident signs of having been written in collaboration with the author of *Moll Flanders*. The reader who thinks this an extravagant tribute is referred to Chapter IX, in which Dicky's poaching adventure is related. Young Dicky, with his gun, is wandering in the marshes in search of game when he is accosted by "a man carrying a gun and wearing a tattered raincoat, with long boots on." That this fellow is a sly, plausible rogue is suggested in a moment, without any recourse to these adjectives. The two sportsmen strike up an acquaintance, and the man leads the conversation to the subject of pheasants:

> Of all birds he thought there was more in a pheasant than any other, it was equal to a chicken, and more delicious, but besides this, it was a bird which had a price and was therefore of all of them a valuable bird. As if nature has conspired to make this creature one of universal excellence; he then informed me that its habits were such as lent it to slaughter more than any other—"them monkeys," as he called them could be seen in the trees roosting at night, one shot, and down they came. With his experience, he continued, men did not throw away shot, but shot to kill. He did not speak of those who breed birds to shoot at them, but he said, of those who shot at birds bred by other people. . . . For what, he said, do chaps go by moonlight into a spinney, but to fetch them out of the trees? Here again the pheasant even from the very nature of its roosting, lent itself to the sport which he wished me to admire. For, he said, when you have shot one, the next one does not move as you would think, but stretches out his old neck and looks, and perhaps listens, until the second barrel knocks him down in the same way as the first had knocked down his companion. I listened with great attention to this rustic philosophy, or rather, shall we say, nefarious wooderaft, until, when he seemed to have reduced pheasant shooting at night to an exact science, I asked him how in the world he got on when he was chased. "Chased, he said, "why here it is: your legs are as good as another's, so long as you keep the same distance between you and him that there is when you first see him, then he never comes up with you. Then he don't know who you are, and you are safe."

But if the narrative method has the directness, the simplicity, and occasionally the vividness of Defoe's, the ghost of Fielding would seem to have taken a hand here and there. "He continued in this employ, until, one day he received a thump upon the left-hand side of his bosom, from a damsel who was the daughter of an inn-keeper at Lynn. He pursued the usual remedy for such wounds, and married the young girl without any more to do." The same influence is even more apparent in the account of Dicky's seduction by Dolly, which has the very accent of Fielding's sly, urbane, and pompous sensuality. "She, for her part, was nothing but complaisant, she allowed the run of my enquiries and now added sighs and kisses in abundance to her charms. This was not all; she no longer seemed to feel that I was gratifying my curiosity at her expense, than, as if she would share in the entertainment, now proposed the same for herself." And so on. It will be seen, then, that Mr. Knightrider has taken eighteenth-century masters for his models. Yet his book is not to be judged as either parody or pastiche. There is abundant internal evidence to show that though he is an excellent storyteller he is not a sophisticated literary man; and to suggest that his literary manner, though clearly borrowed from his elders and betters, is not quite so artful as at first blush it may seem. His writing is definitely not that of an expert; his choice of words and construction of sentences is often faulty to the point of sheer clumsiness; his punctuation is sometimes, by any standard, merely bad; and his grammar is occasionally indefensible. These blemishes, though in themselves regrettable (for I have never been able to persuade myself that literary slovenliness is an added charm or literary grace a symptom of imaginative poverty), are either a guarantee of good faith or a confidence-trick of almost incredible subtlety. The book is irresistibly attractive by reason of its freshness, its individual flavour, its utterly convincing air of authenticity. It is pervaded, moreover, by an ingenuousness which I cannot believe to be affected, and a sententiousness which, had it been mere artifice, would have been at once more amusing and less in place. The very triteness of Dicky's brief, tedious digressions into moralising is acceptable, because it is so evidently a part of his own friendly and confiding personality. Humour, and conscious humour, is by no means lacking, as this account of an incident in his career as a poker player will show:

> Now that I was winning I had no thought of leaving off; when, therefore, everyone seemed prepared to continue I was delighted. A slight decline in my luck at this stage prompted me to the greatest imaginable wisdom, namely, to increase my stakes, and I am sure that at another time it would have been successful, but upon this occasion, I am afraid that the strength of my hands were not able to support me.

Such a remark makes it clear that Dicky Chimes is not the simpleton that he pretends to be; but it does not invalidate one's claim for him, which is that his peculiar method of narration is sustained without a smile, without self-consciousness of any kind. He never twinkles at the expense of his book.

Mr. Ronald Fraser is at the opposite pole of literary method, and he moves in worlds of which Fielding and his kind caught never a glimpse. His art is as exquisite and suggestive as theirs is robust and matter-of-fact. *Marriage in Heaven* is a very delicate and beautiful piece of fiction, at once intricate and effortless. Its theme is the relation—the sensual and super-sensual relation—between two lovers, Adrian and Linet; and the title, unless I misconceive it, stands for the mystical affinity which drew them and bound them together almost against their conscious wills, and remained unimpaired by their frequent and most bitter quarrels. The book is radiant with that spirituality (the only kind worth having) which accepts and exults in physical beauty and all the delights of sense without being confined within their circle. In a word, it is the work of an essentially poetic mind. Beyond this there is little that a reviewer can say; for the book is one whose quality can only be revealed by quotation, yet such is the evenness of the inspiration, the continuity of the mood, the cumulative effect on the imagination, that no passage detached from its context can support the burden of proving that quality.

Readers interested primarily in technical experimentation will find much to admire in Miss Kay Boyle's *Year Before Last*; and readers impatient of such things will be quick to dismiss it as a piece of clever faking. Admirers will confuse eccentricity with genius, and conservatives will see it as insincerity. Miss Boyle presents the story of Martin Sheehan, a neurotic young Irishman, and Hannah, his mistress. In the story as a whole I fail to find any significant imaginative substance; it engages neither mind nor emotions, and if one reads on and on it is rather for the sake of the incidental attractions—a vivid moment here and there, a flash of something like poetry, an extremely clever and self-conscious handling of words and phrases—than in the hope of any ultimate illumination. The characters think and talk in a highly sophisticated literary fashion, and their conversation is presented without quotation marks. This latter device can be effective enough in a piece of pure narrative, where indeed it enhances the suggestion of intimacy: but in a novel of the modern sort, in which narrative is admixed with *dramatic* dialogue, it is more hindrance than help. In the present instance it serves only to remove to a further stage from reality a chronicle that was never in any danger of being too much like "real life." That the characters are unreal I do not assert: nervous and brittle as they are, they are vital enough in their own way, and perfectly at home in the world Miss Boyle has made for them. My persuasion that Martin Sheehan is an insufferable person must not betray me into underrating a novel which, though it may have more brilliance than substance, is clear evidence of a very sharp and unusual talent.

Miss Goolden's *Sugared Grief* is an unambitious but by no means unintelligent story of a more conventional kind. The author has a shrewd eye for the essentials of human character, and something of Miss Delafield's gift of delicately satirical portraiture. But where her sympathies are intimately engaged, her touch is less sure. The Reverend Mr. Gapp's muscular Christianity provides her with an excellent target, which she never fails to hit; but Father Owen is treated throughout with a quite uncritical admiration. This is disappointing. A novelist who deals in satire cannot afford to have a white-headed boy about the place.

GERALD BULLETT.

BEHIND THE BARS

Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing. By WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES. Constable. 8s. 6d.

This is an extremely interesting book. The author has been Warden of the great American prison, Sing Sing, for the last twelve years. Like many people in the prison service, he takes a more humane and intelligent view of the relation between crime and punishment, between the criminal and society, than the majority of his contemporaries. It is significant that the complacent barbarism of so many judges and police officers in their attitude towards crime and the penal code is rarely found in the governors and wardens of prisons. The reason is a simple one: these men know from near acquaintance the stuff from which criminals are made, and this knowledge has made them rediscover what Lear learnt over 300 years ago. "Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?" The attitude of the police towards the criminal is largely that of the hunter or sportsman towards his quarry, and, like the foxhunter for the fox, the policeman often has a real affection and admiration for the man whom he is hunting to prison or the gallows. The delusion of superior morality and that ugly emotion, vindictiveness, still dominate the bench and make it one of the last places in which even an optimist expects to find traces of civilisation. The general public, in nearly all countries, has reached a higher level of social civilisation than the magistrates and judges, but is educated by the press to regard crime as one of the chief sources of entertainment and excitement. The result is that our penal codes, our police courts and criminal courts, and our prisons are still monuments to human stupidity and barbarity.

That these statements are not exaggerations is proved by Mr. Lawes's book. There is no reason to doubt his evidence. He is a practical man, responsible for a prison which contains 2,500 prisoners. A large proportion of those in his charge are counted to be the most desperate and dangerous criminals. He has to deal with these men at close quarters, hour after hour, day after day, year after year. If he does not learn their characters and the way their minds work, if he makes a mistake as to the right way to handle the society committed to his charge, he will be faced instantly with a dangerous catastrophe. The evidence of a man who for twelve years has successfully controlled such a community of criminals cannot be ignored. Those who are interested in the subject should certainly read the book itself; here it is only possible to indicate some of the more important conclusions which seem to follow from Mr. Lawes's experience.

It is clear that in the semi-civilised society of to-day there are a certain number of mentally diseased, mentally defective, or mentally anti-social persons who, if at liberty, are a danger to themselves or other people or both. It is necessary to segregate them in mental homes or prisons. But it is also clear that the proportion of such "confirmed criminals" even among the criminal population of Sing Sing is extremely small. The stories which Mr. Lawes tells again and again show that, with a rather different education and with a different treatment by society, the habitual criminal, serving a life sentence, might never have committed any crime at all. And in the latter part of his book Mr. Lawes points the moral of these stories by giving his own conclusions about the manufacture of criminals by modern society. This process of manufacture is growing with alarming efficiency in the United States. It begins with the abominable environment into which the child is born. Then comes a stupid system of education. Mr. Lawes holds that the manufacture of criminals takes place nearly always in childhood or youth, and that much of it could be prevented by an intelligent system of education and by giving boys the means and opportunity "to spend their leisure in wholesome recreation." Society, having created a potential criminal in the uneducated youth who has not even had a chance of learning how to enjoy himself in a civilised manner, then goes on to give him every opportunity and incitement to "commit a crime." Once having committed a crime, he falls into the hands of the law. His treatment by the law is completely erratic. It will depend upon the judge, upon his social status, upon the amount that he can afford for retaining counsel, upon a hundred and one chances, what punishment will be fitted to his crime. Two persons charged with exactly the same offence at the same age may be given entirely different sentences. The one may be released on probation, the other given a long term of imprisonment. The one will become a perfectly respectable, law-abiding citizen; the other will have been manufactured, by the law itself, into a "habitual criminal."

I have said enough to indicate the scope of this side of Mr. Lawes's book. It throws light upon a large number of similar problems. It is also of the greatest interest to those who are concerned with the actual administration of prisons and the right way to treat those who have already been transformed into criminals and put under lock and key by society and the law.

LEONARD WOOLF.

GOING ABROAD

Winters of Content. By OSBERT SITWELL. Duckworth. 15s.

Dalmatia. By OONA BALL. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

We have all of us suffered from the modern travel-book. It is a form which, as practised by its chief exponents, becomes a kind of illustrated time table, names of stations and chit-chat about hotels being embellished by numerous sketches on the margin—the hero getting drunk or remaining sober, squabbling over luggage or a tip, among a variety of grotesque figures observed en route. For the travel-book is a true index of the writer's capacity: the mere fact that its interest might be thought to depend not so much on the method as on the content very often induces an unwary frankness. And yet, in the last resort, what one sees is less significant than one's personal angle of vision.

Baedeker has always been there first. To give novelty to the "sights" which he has catalogued—particularly to the monuments that he has starred—demands special training in the art of seeing afresh. This art has been mastered by Mr. Sitwell. Even Venice—his journey begins with Venice, whither he has travelled to avoid the horrors of an English Christmas—takes on, when he surveys it from the Piazza, a charm almost that of unfamiliarity. Even Saint Mark's. . . . No doubt the secret of deep enjoyment lies in the faculty, seldom met with in the adult world, of continuing to see "men as trees walking," of seeing a cathedral, not as the object of a thousand photographs, not as the cynosure of a million stupid eyes, but as a new and marvellous production of the human spirit. One must recapture the delight of the wandering Englishmen who found their way across the lagoons in the eighteenth century to the Venice which was a floating metropolis of pleasure:

> A thoughtless, giddy transport prevailed; for, at this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question, and, however solemn a magistrate or a senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig and robe and gravity to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning Sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines. . . . Many of the noble Venetians have a little suite of apartments in some out-of-the-way corner, near the grand Piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. . . . Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. . . .

Thus Beckford, with whom Mr. Sitwell has something in common; he has, at least, the same interest in men and things, the same quick and discriminating point of view. Florian's itself, as he describes it in mid-winter, affords the material for a stimulating paragraph:

> It was dark, and a wind, with an icy, hawklike beak . . . had driven me indoors. And here it was very pleasant. The café had reverted to being Italian. There were no foreigners, but Venetians of all ages sat hunched for hours over a small cup of coffee, or played draughts or chess in corners. The little rooms, which with their painted glass panels so delicately resemble Victorian *bon-bon* boxes . . . could, now that the glass doors were closed and frosted by breathing, be admired in all their minute and delicious proportions: for, when the doors are open into the arcade, the Piazza dwarfs them, and they cannot be seen for what they are, a delightful creation of the mid-nineteenth century.

From Venice Mr. Sitwell moves west, and the next section, entitled *Palladiana*, deals with some of the lovely villas of the Venetian hinterland which, in their turn, suggest English Palladian architecture, Mereworth Castle, modelled on the Villa Rotonda, and Chiswick House, long used as a private bedlam. The second part has Bologna for its subject; but Bologna is an incident on the way, and the traveller's real destination is Apulia, where he elects to pass the New Year.

Apulia is still comparatively inaccessible. Many Englishmen have spent an hour or two in Brindisi, but few have had the wit or the imagination to find much beauty in that desolate little town. Mr. Sitwell diligently searches out its interest. Not only is there the spectacle of modern liners anchored along a quayside of baroque palaces—not the best baroque, Mr. Sitwell is obliged to admit—but an elegant column of fine greenish streaky marble, in a small piazza behind the chief hotel, marks the end of the ancient Appian Way, a thoroughfare that, besides carrying trade, also contributed to the devastation of Southern Italy, when malaria made its appearance from the Levant.

Mr. Sitwell has already described Lecce; and those readers who are inclined to believe that his province is limited to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that he perversely refuses his suffrage to earlier periods, will be enlightened by his description of Barletta with its superb Byzantine bronze in front of the church—the unknown Emperor which, since it was looted from Constantinople, has undergone so many strange vicissitudes.

As fascinating is his account of Castel del Monte, the great pleasure-house built by Frederick Hohenstaufen which, after his tragic death, became a jail—it incarcerated Frederick's own sons—and latterly a notorious haunt of bandits. Here Mr. Sitwell is at his best; for he manages to combine poetic sensitiveness with a knack, rare among poets as among scholars, of making the most of the available information. In short, the whole charm of the present book depends on its nicely maintained balance. Neither pompous nor excessively anecdotal, it is vivid and entertaining from start to finish. Some comfort for a winter spent in London is afforded by such vicarious expeditions.

Mrs. Ball is content to act as guide. If you think of visiting Dalmatia, her book, which is illustrated with good photographs, will supply the necessary advice. How to go, where to go, what to see—the authoress is commendably matter-of-fact and not afraid to dwell on the minute particulars that bulk so large in the conduct of a successful journey, mosquito-curtains, choice of food and the like. She describes the rocky eastern shore of the Adriatic and its walled cities, brilliantly distinct against the blue—Dubrovnik, that tiny Venetian paradise; Split, built of the ruins of the ancient world.

COMMONSENSE AND SENSIBILITY

Criticism. By DESMOND MACCARTHY. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

Between *Portraits*, the first volume of Mr. MacCarthy's essays, and *Criticism*, the second, there is not so much difference as the titles suggest. His portraits are critical, and when he discusses a writer's work he usually manages at the same time to sketch his character. Literature as a product in a vacuum does not exist for him. He emphasises the relations between a writer and his work, and between writer and reader; further, every writer whose work persists has readers in his own time and in posterity—the change of attitude must be noted; nor is there an end there, for the critic has his own relation to the writer he is considering, and there is even the relation between the critic and *his* readers. Mr. MacCarthy regards it as the duty of a critic to report on this criss-cross of relations, to pick out the true pattern of a man's reputation and comment chiefly on that. He does this and, at the same time, sees the face behind the legend with extraordinary clearness. He seems at his easiest (and best) to have met the writers he discusses; whether actually or in imagination hardly matters. This volume begins with "Erewhon" Butler—but here at once is a roomful of people: Butler himself, slyly respectable, Festing Jones, the lady with the limp, several Desmond MacCarthys varying in years from twelve to thirty-five; and there was once (surely?) a policeman from Maida Vale, who somehow has been dropped from this essay. The whole room is "Butler."

> His company manner was that of a kind old gentleman, prepared to be a little shocked by any disregard of the proprieties; the sort of old gentleman who is very mild in reproof, but whose quiet insistence that everybody should behave properly is most soothing to old ladies of limited means. He spoke softly and slowly, often with his head a little down, looking gravely over his spectacles and pouting his lips, and with a deliberate demureness so disarming that he was able to utter the most subversive sentiments without exciting more than a moment's astonishment. The next, his companion was completely reassured. "No, Mr. Butler could not have meant that. I wasn't quite quick enough. Mr. Butler is such an *original* man."

That, besides being an amusing and vivid picture, tells us indirectly a good deal about the attitude of the man who wrote *The Fair Haven*. "Never despise the good anecdote" might be Mr. MacCarthy's first word of advice to young critics. The same essay on Butler contains a good example, typical of this critic, of the sort of metaphor which saves pages of roundabout discussion and persuades the reader to think for himself. After summing up Butler as a humorous philospher, in whom it is often difficult to say whether humorist or philosopher comes first, he goes on: "Butler's sense of humour often performed the service for him that the dove did for Noah in the ark. It flew out into the unknown, bringing back to him an indication that he would soon find solid ground beneath his feet."

To the question, "What is the critic?" Mr. MacCarthy replies: "A critic is one who has been given the pass-key into many rooms of the House of Art on condition that he does not dwell too long in any one of them. . . . He must stay long enough to see what the owner of the room saw—then he had better move on." It is a fair description of his own practice. He never stays long. Collins, Patmore, and Browning—the last two perfect subjects for him—are treated delightfully, but in few pages. Tennyson—another favourite—is mentioned in an aside. There is a sentence—"If you compare Proust with some English novelists, W. H. Mallock for instance"; no more. Mallock? How many have heard of him? These essays are shot through, too, with a delight in French literature (those who know their writer, at any rate, will recognise it); yet only two essays in the book are concerned immediately with French writers. No, he does not stay long enough. For all the variety, charm, alusiveness and richness of sympathy in this book, one wishes he had spent more time with the writers he really likes. There are two long studies, on Donne and Proust. Donne is by way of being a first-love in poetry, there is a fine prelude, and an unaccountable slight falling off afterwards, though with no loss of subtlety. The study of Proust is magnificent; much the best piece of sustained criticism of Proust that has been written. Apart from imaginative colour, Mr. MacCarthy's chief quality as a critic is a mixture of sensibility and commonsense such as we get in no other critic. He is the perfect English critic of Proust,

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near enough to his æsthetic experience, yet by nationality and temperament detached from it.

Rather less than half the book is devoted to modern writers: Santayana, Yeats, Eliot, Proust, Joyce, Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Gertrude Stein. They are tethered as a rule to older writers, or writers in an older tradition; Eliot to Browning, Proust to Richardson, Joyce to Rabelais (the comparison is finally dismissed), Lawrence to Carlyle, David Garnett to Defoe, Huxley to Anatole France. Some of these affinities may surprise. Mr. MacCarthy likes an old writer, even when he is writing about a new one. He does not, of course, merely approach the present through the past. Some of his criticisms of contemporaries are as acute as any he has made. But they are set against impersonal and shifting background. Donne, Browning, Patmore, Proust even, he knows; the living, perhaps, he is glad to know.

BRIDLE-PATHS

Mr. Du Quesne and Other Essays. By JOHN BERESFORD. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

Love of the bridle-path may well be the measure of our loathing for the arterial road; so that to settle down to Mr. Beresford's "o'er canopied" lanes of literature after a Sunday journey to Worthing and back promises an indulgence to him reaped from the testiness of yesterday. A Miss Mitfordish life in the urbane shade of one of Mr. Du Quesne's numerous benefices might have banished Mr. Beresford to the bedside after a roaring day of Smollett, Moby Dick, and a slick gangster film in the evening. As it is, he takes an unfair advantage of us, as with a sigh we read, murmuring, "lull me, lull me, charming airs!"

Certainly there is nothing in Mr. Beresford's placid water-colour of that even more placid pluralist and neighbour of most leisurely Parson Woodforde, Mr. Du Quesne, to lasso the fancy (let us mix a metaphor like the sauces they ate so sedately) with a cowboy yell. Mr. Du Quesne of Honingham and East Tuddenham, within nine miles of the fleshpots of Norwich, restored the balance of his line by most carefully living the other way round from his turbulent ancestry. Sharing a pike of colossal size with Mr. Woodforde, grave tours on prebendal duties (actually as far as Somerset), spectacular days at Norwich where an afternoon at Mr. Priest's, the wine-merchant, was followed by a country dance or a vocal and instrumental concert, and then by boiled fowl, oyster sauce, roast hare, roast duck, hot tongue, apricot tarts and "Italian flummery," these were what Mr. Du Quesne substituted for the hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach of his forefathers. He was a worthy in the amplest Fullerian sense and with no Civil War to disturb the equipoise; livings and good living were his for the taking, and when Wesley appeared at Norwich in 1789 ("the catfish is the demon of the deep and makes things lively," as Charles Marriott once wrote), neither Parson Woodforde nor Mr. Du Quesne found reason to muffle their serene thanksgivings—the lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground: yea, I have a goodly heritage. It sometimes rained and the coaches could be jolty, and Parson Woodforde calls just attention to "the confounded snoring of that new Canon" which afflicted his good friend's repose. But these interruptions to the continuity of quietism, these hummocks in the level plain, they appear to us, living in the twentieth century, to have been bearable. They could be surmounted—in fact, they *were* surmounted—without causing appreciable discords to jut into the rich, peaceful, meadow landscape both of Mr. Du Quesne's and Mr. Woodforde's lives.

Mr. Beresford's memorial of an individual's peace that seems very long ago is not the only bridle-path he follows, though the others are but strollings. Gray's and Walpole's Continental tour in 1739 before they quarrelled at Reggio; a brief note of the "Elegy" whose poetic durability he esteems too high; a recollection of an ancestress, Judith Beresford, whom Wesley called "a sweet, but short-lived flower"; an entertaining genealogy of the umbrella as the posterity of the gentleman's sword, companionable memoranda of Wordsworth, and the message of St. Jerome's lion both to science and the Bishop of Birmingham: these are the glades of comment and memory through which he guides us. The last—"The Soul's Dark Cottage"—is in some ways the best essay in an unruffled book—almost too much so. But when Mr. Beresford says that it is only the saints and the poets who discern a soul in "the entire universe of created things," does he not unduly belittle the science which has corroborated vision? The doctrine of evolution rubs out the impassable dividing line between men and animals, whether the question be of soul or faculty, and in that respect the saint and the poet have anticipated, not resisted, the man of science.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

SPLENDID SUB-CONTINENT

America Hispana: A Portrait and a Prospect. By WALDO FRANK. Scribners. 16s.

It is unfair, of course, to judge an author by the things that his publisher may choose to say about him on the dust-cover. For here fair Paranoia, Muse of publicity, tenth and loveliest of the Nine, takes charge. But what he says inside the volume may legitimately be taken down in writing and given in evidence against him: and when his opening sentence solemnly intones that "like its predecessors in that division of my writings which I call History, this book must be taken as a work of art," we may look out for squalls. Squalls, indeed, begin to whistle in our ears before the paragraph is done, because the author solemnly assures us that this book "should be read as one would read a story—or rather, as one would listen to a symphony: sequentially from the beginning to the end." What other order is customarily adopted by Mr. Frank's readers is not disclosed. But, his imperative forefinger waving us sternly from page 1 towards page 372, we set out on our journey. As the milestones go by we are relieved to find that his unduly impressive opening was almost unjust to the book's more fascinating contents, since it contains a rich profusion of miscellaneous facts and speculations about Central and South America. There are few ampler themes for loose-limbed generalisations; and Mr. Frank is well equipped by his contacts of reading and travel to dispense them. If they have any defect it lies in his unawareness of Great Britain's peculiar contribution to the evolution of South America. You will fail to find the name of George Canning in the index; and the isolated statement in an essay on Buenos Aires that "Britain smuggled herself in with her salesmen's satchel" appears to ignore those crowded chapters in the history of Argentina which are purely Anglo-Argentine. For no Argentine forgets his country's debt to British cattle, British railways, and even British *estancieros*. Half the names in Buenos Aires are English, to say nothing of the *Porteño* Irish; and it is impossible to omit the contribution of the British Isles from any survey of the present, past, or future of Argentina. But, apart from that blind spot, Mr. Frank is an agreeable guide. Perhaps he is a shade too eloquent at times, and South America is a theme so splendid in itself that superfluous eloquence renders it almost dazzling. But it is something to encounter a traveller who is sensitive to the intense romance of geography, even if his reactions to it are sometimes a shade flamboyant. There are no illustrations: but then what half-tone block could live opposite to one of Mr. Frank's dithyrambic pages? It is to be regretted that his well-informed historic *Interlude* on Generals San Martin and Bolivar is couched in Herr Ludwig's historic present.

WHAT MEN THINK

The Growth of Political Thought in the West. By C. H. MCILWAIN. Macmillan. 16s.

The Development of Religious Toleration in England. By W. K. JORDAN. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Both these books will be of high value to the student of political ideas. They show that power to handle a great mass of material, that careful attention to minute detail, that sense of the importance of ideas for their own sake which are characteristic of the best scholarship in modern America. Their authors seem not merely to have read everything, but also to have absorbed what they have read. Of Mr. Jordan's book, in particular, it is fair to say that no book of comparable quality exists in English.

Professor McIlwain, who has the happy faculty of always writing an important book, has here sought to trace the growth of political ideas from Plato and Aristotle to the end of the middle ages. Only those intimately acquainted with the material can have any sense of the difficulty of the task. Not only is the primary literature enormous in volume; the secondary material can only be described as a vast jungle through which it requires a stout-hearted traveller to hew his way. Professor McIlwain, moreover, has not been happy in his predecessors. Those who have sought to traverse the whole ground, Janet, Dunning,

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Rehm, Gettell, have lacked the necessary equipment; and their works read rather like jejune summaries of particular authors than a view of the whole evolution. Particular parts of the ground have been brilliantly surveyed; the *magnum opus* was still to be written.

Yet I do not think that Professor McIlwain has written it. His learning and ingenuity are great; and there is no scholar but will profit from his book. I doubt whether, since Gierke died, there is any other living person who knows the ground so well. But what the book lacks is essentially the implication of its title. It is not a study of growth. It is rather a series of remarkable essays upon the character of the political thought of the two thousand years it covers. It shows us with the accuracy of superb scholarship what particular men thought; it does not explain why they thought those things at the particular time when they thought them. Not even Plato and Aquinas emerge as personalities in the book. They are embodied systems of ideas, which can be analysed and compared, but are set down almost as though they were timeless in character. Yet the very essence of political thought is its pragmatism. From Plato onwards it has always been born of special circumstances which give it its particular character and connotation. This is the perspective which is lacking in Professor McIlwain's book. He is intensely interested in bringing out what a given thinker said; he seems to have relatively little interest in the circumstances which made him say it. The result is a book from which the most urgent clue seems lacking. Yet Professor McIlwain is not only aware of the need for a clue. Again and again there are sentences which show us that he could have given it had he wished; and the remarkable conclusion—much the most satisfying part of the book—makes one realise how magistral the explanation would have been had he attempted it. Rarely has the relation of mediæval to modern political thought been set out so well.

The book contains much invaluable material. On Rome, on Bracton, on Marsiglio and William of Ockham, on the Conciliar Movement, Professor McIlwain's treatment is full of fresh insight and high suggestiveness. No one has ever brought out better the nobility of mediæval ideas; no one has ever warned us more effectively against the danger of reading our own interpretations into their special context. That special power to seize the significance of institutions which is Professor McIlwain's peculiar gift is everywhere in evidence. For this alone, the book is bound to take a high place in the literature of its subject. But anyone who compares its treatment of the Greeks with Professor Zimmern or Professor Barker, or its discussion of the mediæval idea of unity with that of Gierke, will regret that Professor McIlwain did not allow himself more ample room for the making of a full-sized picture.

Mr. Jordan covers a much narrower canvas in much greater detail. His theme is toleration from the birth of the English Reformation to the death of Elizabeth. Though he covers ground already well ploughed, much of his work is done more thoroughly than ever before—especially the treatment of the influence of the Continent—and the perspective is wholly Mr. Jordan's own. His book brings out comprehensively two things: it shows how little of the argument for toleration was not foreseen in the sixteenth century, and how inevitably the real victory should belong to the argument from expediency. Particularly, it may be noted, Mr. Jordan makes amply proven the plea of Elizabeth and her ministers that they never persecuted conscience. Their attack was against men whose beliefs, as they thought, issued in conduct which endangered the State; and Mr. Jordan brings out well the degree to which this was the common outlook of the age. Indeed, one is tempted to go further and say that the number of those who believed in allowing opinions to be held which they thought of as fraught with death is smaller than he suggests; for there are many who used the argument for full toleration in Mill's sense rather as a plea of sudden sentiment than as a constant conviction. Persecution has always ended because it has been found either inexpedient or impossible rather than because men have come to regard it as in itself undesirable. It is the object, rather than the practice, of persecution that changes.

Within its limits, it is difficult to see how Mr. Jordan's book could have been more carefully done. It is a little long, and there is some repetition; nor are the proportions quite adequate as between the pre- and post-Elizabethan periods. But it is always interesting, and, in particular, its account of Acontius is the most adequate known to me in English. With this book, a new scholar of the highest promise enters the field of historical studies.

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Down the Garden Path. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

In the garden next door "everything grows with maddening efficiency." Mr. Beverley Nichols' garden is not so undramatic; the mushrooms which came up in the garage and cold shouldered the field where they were sown, the wilting elm tree and the sad-looking red-hot pokers, so unlike their portraits in the catalogue, justly enhance the glory of the vine which bore grapes and the aconites which burst through the snow in January. The first half of the book, except for a patch of sentiment, is as heady as new wine and so enjoyable that Mr. Nichols' novels must be forgiven. I expect to see shoals of town mice plunging into cottages, winter flowers and what-not after reading it: ordering barrels of seed and cart loads of Yorkshire rocks, with a gaiety quite foreign to tradition. For the real gardener, Mr. Nichols says, is "an enormous man with bulging muscles, large nostrils, few morals and absolutely no pity." Staring oaves, learned nurserymen, niminy-piminy misses (this species gets hard treatment) variegate the book, and, finally, the formidable Mrs. M., at whose discomfiture it is easy to rejoice. Mr. Nichols' witticisms and contagious enthusiasms wear thin after a while, but it would be ungrateful to forget, among other gay inventions, his chapter on building a rockery.

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The Survivors. By FRANCIS SIBSON. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Sibson's theme in *The Survivors* might seem beyond the scope of fiction, but his story of the sudden birth of a new continent, thrown up from the bed of the Sargasso Sea, is a magnificent success. This is an entirely new kind of "thriller," concerned with what are, after all, possibilities, if not probabilities. The story is told chiefly from the point of view of the officers and crew of H.M.S. "Maple Leaf," which at the time of the catastrophe is taking soundings in the affected area. The first part of the book is concerned with the "Maple Leaf's" race for life towards the open sea, and her grounding, high and dry, on the new continent; and the rest with the hardships endured by the survivors. The whole thing is splendidly and convincingly conceived. The stranding of an American passenger vessel, with only one survivor, a woman, about sixty miles overland from the "Maple Leaf," provides Mr. Sibson with an opportunity to introduce a slight "love-interest," and a far more interesting heroic rescue.

* * *

The Cherry Tree, by Adrian Bell (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.), which was prematurely reviewed in these pages on June 11th, has now been published.

About Motoring

NOISE

THE longer the world lasts, the noisier become the habitations of men. I have been staying in one of Britain's pleasure cities, and the dominant sensation of the visit was noise. The house was situated in a quiet residential street where rents are high, and special pains are taken by the municipa authorities to attract visitors and to induce elderly bourgeois to build houses. The orchestra produced the following variety of effects during a single week. A dredger was occupied in gouging up part of the sea bed. Riveters were busy from 7 a.m. every morning constructing a new gasometer some distance away, but the metallic tang of their blows carried clearly for at least a mile. Across the road a new flat was being built, and the bricklayers seemed to require an amazing number of half bricks —at any rate, they were splitting bricks all day long. There was a railway within earshot. Fog during three nights, following on warm days, inspired a super lightship to give a magnificent imitation of some marine leviathan suffering from acute indigestion. Heavy motor bus traffic displayed a commendable restraint in the use of hooters, in spite of several very dangerous crossings; but the intermittent noise of gear changes at the checks, coupled with the roar of engine acceleration, produced a considerable uproar. Aerial traffic is as yet nowhere more than intermittent, but planes do not trouble to gain much height when the sea and a wide expanse of flat fields offer plenty of choice for emergency landings. The approach of every plane creates panic in the bird world; the gulls and the land birds stampede in all directions, with plaintive wails, long before the plane becomes audible to a human ear. Amorous cats prowl and fight in the gardens, ever and anon disturbing some frustrated dog which cannot get at them. Diurnal noises are tolerable for everybody except invalids; but nocturnal noises can prove aggravating to people who are young and healthy; and motor vehicles share with cars the discredit of creating the worst nuisance at night. Motor noises at night are sufficiently loud to wake anybody; and as they are strictly intermittent after 11 p.m. in residential neighbourhoods, they are thrown into high relief against a background of moderate silence, and so create the maximum effect. The offenders are almost invariably young; middle-aged and elderly people seldom motor through the night. But youngsters of both sexes return from dances at any hour from midnight to 5 a.m. and quit the pleasure towns at similar hours on their return to work, stretching out their vacations to the last possible moment. The worst offenders are usually the cheaper vehicles, which are invariably driven with a certain abandon in the small hours. Of these cheap motors, the motor cycle is the principal criminal, and its devotees display the minimum of consideration for the sleeping public. Myself, an ardent motor cyclist, I know that any good machine can be driven quietly. A four-cylinder Matchless or Ariel has a quieter tickover than my 16 h.p. six-cylinder car; can be set in motion within two seconds of starting the engine; and can be taken out of a street at midnight as unostentatiously as a Rolls. Not thus does the average motor cyclist handle his machine at night. He starts it up, chaffing his fairy the while in a loud voice. He warms up his engine at length—though it needs no warming, thanks to its air-cooling. When at last his tedious farewells are concluded he demonstrates his paces, Brooklands fashion, to the admiring damsel, by a series of crashing accelerations on each gear in turn—*i.e.*, three or four reverberating bellows, each suddenly cut off by an instant's silence as he changes up, each silence yielding in turn to an even more penetrating crescendo. On a still night one may trace the departure of a sports machine for a whole mile. The baby car is an equally wicked offender. Each of its four tiny cylinders emits as great a volume of absolute noise as the single cylinder of a typical motor cycle, so that the entire engine produces four times as much noise. Oddly enough, as the sound is continuous rather than staccato (like that of the cycle), its effect on an earnest sleeper is less devastating. But the youngsters who return from dances and holiday excursions on these cheap carettes are usually in a gay mood, and handle their absurd little projectiles as if they were contesting a mountain race at Brooklands. These residential suburbs are laid out like chessboards with streets crisscrossing each other at right angles. The baby car accelerates poorly on top gear after a right-angle turn; so their jehus change up and down, down and up, and stamp on their accelerators violently. I am neither old nor invalidish, but during my seven

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days by the sea such cars waked me up on an average half a dozen times every night; and there were five nursing homes within four hundred yards of my bedroom.

Obviously there is no single or radical cure for this enormous output of noise, which must inflict real suffering on the sickly people who seek health in such localities. But that which is possible should be attempted and enforced. First and foremost, schools of all grades ought to teach manners and consideration; a gross selfishness is the main culprit. Nearly all these noisy vehicles could be handled in such a fashion that they would cease to offend. The motor cycle continues to require police attention. The police complain that in most places it is useless for them to prosecute, as the magistrates will not convict. The average motor-cycle manufacturer designs a silencing apparatus, and obtains police approval for it. If a case is brought, technical evidence is often sworn to the effect that the silencer is satisfactory. This is beside the point. If I parked a Rolls outside the London Hospital, and ran its engine stationary on full throttle for five minutes, I should injure a number of patients; and any motor cycle, treated in moderately idiotic fashion, instantly becomes a public nuisance at night, even if its designer has equipped it with a proper silencer. There is only one country in the world where motoring is done in the correct atmosphere. In Switzerland plain clothes *agents de police*, distinguished by nothing but a brassard, can pounce at will on any offending motorist, and fine him on the spot. Their existence creates an atmosphere of mild intimidation. Every driver knows that his offences may be visited with the scourge at any moment; consequently he drives with consideration. Motor cyclists in England require a similar discipline, especially in respect of night noisiness. It is much to be wished that the various police authorities would initiate a campaign against these selfish youngsters for inconsiderate driving after dark. I sometimes wonder if the heads of police have ever been instructed in the psychology of atmosphere. The Brighton police know all about it. They are not vindictive, but in their area every motorist behaves himself, because he knows that they will pounce on him if he offends. In other similar towns only the more outrageous offences attract official attention.

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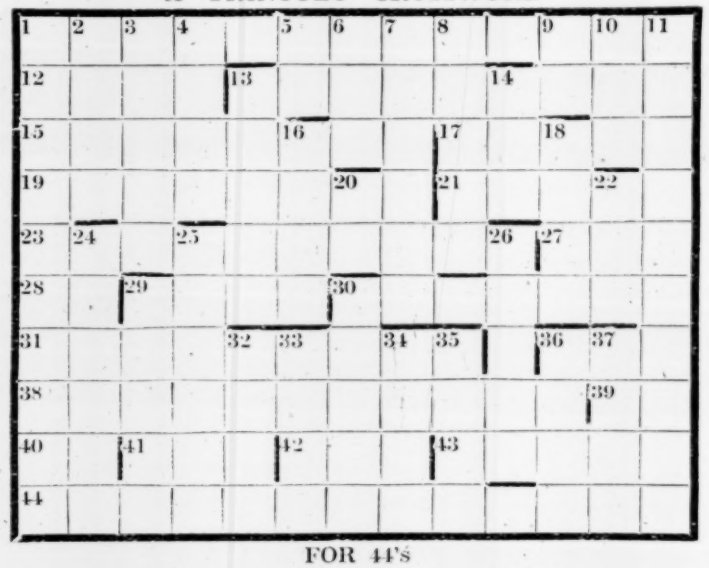

FOR 44's

ACROSS

1. "Shorts at the Courts."
12. Believed to prefer a belt to braces.
13. Heterodoxy.
15. An "instrument" of justice.
17. Father returns to have another shot at the barrel.
19. Fun at the Crystal Palace.
21. Fun at Wimbledon (and I would be rather fun at the Crystal Palace too!).
23. The urge for this comes in the spring.
27. Take water before the game if you want to make a fight of it.
28. See 36 *down*.
29. Only a virtue in a bowl.
30. It would be distinctly illogical to thank your gods for this.
31 *rev.* She sounds rather like the bird, but gives far, far more trouble.
36. A papal constellation.
38 *rev.* Continent ends peculiarly.
39. Sir Alfred's return.
40. College gold.
41. The old gold-digger embraced the girl.
42. A creation of the Poet Laureate's.
43. Come up now, you won't get it out of me.
44. See my title.

DOWN

1. "And one last thing. . . ."
2*rev.* Not a soldierly objective.
3*rev.* Pearl's mother derives from a bird.
4. You can draw lots from my machine.
5. A night with Calpurnia begins and ends.
6. "Fantastic," said the poet.
7. Flatterers have said Trinculo is.
8. "The body of a well-dressed man."
9. The source of much wisdom.
10. Busy at Bisley.
11. Not too fresh co-eds.
13*rev.* Not popular with malefactors.
14. Sartorially the outside edge.
16*rev.* One of the harkers.
18. I've lost half my charm.
20. The bane of Hollywood.
22. Often precedes the news.
24. A royal house overthrown.
25. Not the latest movement.
29. Don has a large one.
30. Part of the county of Bute.
32*rev.* Fun at Southend.
33. Often stroked in the row.
34. I might break out any time.
35. Such as Ivan or Peter.
36. Grace after 28.
37. I was sane all right till this happened.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. tapioca. 7. geyser. 13. Oliver Martext. 15. umlaut. 18. idol. 19. les. 20. Celia. 21. wrasse *rev.* 24. H.R.E. (Holy Roman Empire). 26. Len (in). 27. Nym. 30. mair. 31. Silvius. 34. *anag.* of choler (ecchlo). 35. (O.D.) T.A.A. 37. road. 40. coir *rev.* 42. 50. Le Beau. 43. Orlando. 45. Dennis (sinned). 47. *anag.* of Corin (noicr). 49. alum (na). 51. *anag.* of ends (esnd). 53. acne *rev.* 54. smear *rev.*

DOWN.—1. Touchstone. 2. Almeria. 3. pill. 4. O.E. 5. er. 6. Amiens. 7. gads. 8. Eros. 9. abnormality. 10. Charles *rev.* 11. Exe. 12. R.T.S. (Religious Tract and Royal Toxophilite Societies). 14. vail. 16. eau *rev.* 17. unit *rev.* 22. William. 23. Croesus. 25. el. 28. Audrey *rev.* 29. M.C. 32. carv(el). 33. ion. 36. see 44. 38. Adam. 39. clod *rev.* 41. *anag.* of mine (i.e. M.R.). 44, 36, 52. Rosalind. 46. née. 48. re(el).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 13.—CUBICLES

I do not agree with a number of solvers who have claimed that "Cubicles" was the hardest problem of the series. All the same my competitors, with fifty-odd correct solutions, finish the contest very strongly.

There was *one* cubicle with a "total" of fourteen in the Professor's hat. This can be deduced as follows:

(1) There were eleven cubicles in all with a total of nine. A cube can be divided so as to produce three cubicles with a total of nine, but only in one way. This division produces no cubicle of fourteen or seven. The cube cannot be divided so as to produce more than three nine-total cubicles.

(2) Therefore three boys had divided their cube so as to produce three nine-totals, and one so as to produce two nine-totals.

(3) There is one way in which a cube can be divided so as to produce two nine-totals and totals (one each) of seven and nine. The fourth boy had adopted this division, for his total of seven was exhibited. Hence there was one total of fourteen in the hat.

Points awarded to:

Dr. L. C. Adam, Arlyn, Asquitha, Agitat, D. Barber, B. Brewster, A. L. Bulley, Dr. C. O. S. B. Brooke, V. Butler, J. B. Channon, A. Crokingburn, Cooper, Crooked Dean, L. C. Clarke, G. B. Courtier, Rev. C. Dinwoodie, C. M. Douglas, V.J.D., Major Fletcher, T. Faint, E. C. I. Garner, W. P. Hudson, Initio, A.J., F. L. Jones, P.K., W. A. Lynch, J. P. McEvoy, F.S.M., F. Morrell, G. P. Meredith, Mercutio, Macbeth, F. E. Maitland, J. L. Mackenzie, W. Oldham, W. Pearson, G. C. Potter, Rigel, M. Ross, L.R., Struan, S.T.S., D. G. Sopwith, Major Sandison, Sciss, Thoriger, J. Todd, Henry Vine, H. Vallance, W. A. Whitehouse, Vic, Waldron.

Final acknowledgments and prize awards next week. I have to thank some forty correspondents for letters and for excellent criticisms and suggestions.

CALIBAN.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. DIRTY WORK. Wed. & Fri.

H'DROME. OUT OF THE BOTTLE. W., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. EVENSONG. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues.
THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

WESTMINSTER. Wed., Thurs., Sat.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
DIRTY WORK.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
CASANOVA.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Temple Bar 5122.)
DAILY 2 P.M. TILL MIDNIGHT.
CONTINUOUS **GRAND GUIGNOL**
Prices 1/- to 5/- excluding tax.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.30.
W., Th. & S., 2.30. Julian Wylie's New Musical Comedy,
OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
Clifford Mollison, Polly Walker, Frances Day.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517). Nightly at 8.30.
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.
Matinees Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Nightly at 8.45. First Mat., Tues., 2.30.
THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT.
A New Comic Opera.

WESTMINSTER. Victoria, S.W.1. 2/3 to 9/-.
(Vic. 0283.) Nightly (except Mon.) at 9.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
By William Shakespeare.
Matinees Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Exclusive Run LEONTINE SAGAN'S Psychological Study of Adolescence.
MADCHEN IN UNIFORM. 11th Week.
And the Submarine Drama, MEN LIKE THESE.

CAMBRIDGE. Cambridge Circus. Tem. Bar 6035.
Second Week
EKK'S Russian Sound Film,
THE ROAD TO LIFE.
Continuous Performance 2—11. Sundays 6—11.

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
ROBERT **MONTGOMERY**
in—*BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK,*
with HEATHER THATCHER, Nora Gregor, Nils Asther.

FORUM CINEMA. (Charing Cross), Villiers St.
July 11 and Daily
KRISS.
A Thrilling Drama of the Dutch Indies.
Also Mon., Tues., Wed., *THE LAST COMPANY.*
Detailed programme sent regularly on application.
Weekdays 1—11. Sundays 6 p.m. Tem. Bar 3931.

ART GALLERY

ZWEMMER GALLERY,
26 Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road.
Exhibition of Paintings by
EDNA GINESI.
Weekdays 10—6. Saturdays 10—1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, July 10th, at 11 a.m.
S. K. RATCLIFFE.
WEST AND EAST: THE BETTER WAY.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS. A group can be received to camp on South Downs near Beacon Hill School in charge of experienced staff. For terms write PRINCIPAL, Beacon Hill School, Harting, Petersfield.

TEA for the discerning. Finest blend Sylhet and Ceylon leaf with Darjeeling Broken Orange Pekoe. Packed in 1-lb. lined boxes 3/-, three boxes 8/6, post free. Buy direct from EASTERN IMPORTS, LTD., 141, Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104, Stornoway, N.B.

SUN BATHING (mixed), German lines. Beautiful woodland Sun Park, outskirts London. Physical exercises, games, woodcraft. Sunday discussions, Sex, Psychology, Health. Also Indoor (West-End) Artificial Sun Centre.—Write Lady Sec., Box 143, N.S. & N., 10, Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE: universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe; extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

AN INDEX to Volume iii. (new series) is in the course of preparation and will be obtainable on application, FREE to postal subscribers, 1s. post free to other readers.

IMPORTANT LECTURES
arranged by
THE NEW EUROPE GROUP
to explode popular fallacies and current myths.

"That Disarmament is the Road to Peace."
Tuesday, July 12th. By Emile Burns.
Chairman: John Strachey.
"That Capitalism has anything further to offer us."
Thursday, July 14th. By Ellen Wilkinson.
Chairman: Lady Clare Annesley.

CAXTON HALL
WESTMINSTER. 8.30 P.M.
Tickets 2/- each. Obtainable from the *New Europe Group*, 55, Gower St., W.C.1

S.O.S.

The Life-Boat Service is rich in the tradition of splendid endeavour and self-sacrifice.
62,800 lives have been saved—and a call of distress never goes unheeded.
Will you play your part in maintaining this tradition—so that every S.O.S. shall always be answered? Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.

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TO-DAY.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE,
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM
A CORRECTION

Through an oversight, in the Parke-Davis Shaving Cream advertisement in the June 11th issue of "The New Statesman and Nation," the price of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream was given as 1/3 a tube. This should read 1/6.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1- 2/- & 4/-

A fortnight's Release

Free from all cares and worries—recuperating in the fresh air—how the poor mother of the slums would welcome such a change!!

Thousands of mothers and children have no hope of visiting the seaside this year. They are condemned to stay in gloomy streets, breathing foul air, getting little or no sunshine . . . unless YOU help.

£5 gives a poor, tired mother and three children a fortnight's holiday.

£1 : 1s. gives one week's holiday to a poor, tired mother with a baby.

Smaller or larger gifts will also be gratefully welcomed.

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

Cheques crossed "Barclays a/c Church Army," payable to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world costs 30s. 6d. for one year, 15s. 0d. for six months, 7s. 6d. for three months, all post free, and should be addressed to the Manager, N.S. & N., 10, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GREAT CONVERSION—THE CITY'S PROFITS—EQUITY *v.* LAW—EFFECT ON MARKETS.

THE City welcome to the Government conversion scheme has been rapturous. This is not surprising, for the paper profits which it has given to the holders of the long-dated stocks were far greater than the most hardened City speculators had ever dared to expect. On the eve of the announcement the "longs," meaning the long-dated British Government stocks, were yielding from £3 14s. 7d. per cent. for 2½ per cent. Consols to £3 17s. 2d. per cent. for 3 per cent. Local Loans. Let me explain for the uninitiated that for many months past the professional investor had been buying "longs" in the expectation that sooner or later the Government would call the £2,000 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan for redemption, and that as soon as this "5 per cent." drag upon Government credit had been removed the "longs" would rise in market value so as to return a yield commensurate with the prevailing cheapness of money. It was universally held that in relation to the credit of other Governments, that of the British Government should stand high, for it had balanced its Budget and was following the straight and narrow way of financial purity at great suffering to its taxpayers. At the time of the financial crisis last summer British Government "longs" were yielding about 5 per cent. The scare of inflation later on prevented much improvement. This year the pressure of cheap money began to force the market upwards. The lowering of bank rate in progressive stages from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent., the balancing of the Budget, the fund for the protection of the pound, all contributed to bring about something like a "boom" in gilt-edged securities. The climax came last week with the cut in bank rate to 2 per cent. and the strong tip that "something" was going to happen over the week-end. The buying of British Government "longs" became the great "gilt-edged" speculation.

* * *

Now observe the effect of the Government's edict that holders of War Loan who refuse to take 3½ per cent. instead of 5 per cent. from December 1st will be repaid in cash at par. The dealers in the gilt-edged market might have argued: "This is too steep. The 'longs' are yielding about 3¾ per cent. and yet the Government seeks to impose 3½ per cent. on the poor War Loaners. We think they are asking for too great a sacrifice and that the scheme will probably flop. The pound is weak on the Exchanges and the foreigner who holds a fair block of 5 per cent. War Loan will probably demand cash. We will therefore not alter our Thursday closing prices of Government stocks, but will wait for genuine buying or selling to move the market." But the dealers did not take this line of argument. They said in effect: "The Government wants this saving of £23 millions in interest charges very badly. The British are a patient and patriotic people and will probably agree to convert their holdings of War Loan just as they rushed to pay their taxes on January 1st. So we will oblige the Government by advancing our prices for 'longs' automatically to a level that allows a yield of just about 3½ per cent." This is what they did—and that is how the investors and speculators who held the "longs" woke up on Friday to find themselves richer on paper by anything from 3 per cent. to 9 per cent. After the first wave of enthusiastic buying had exhausted itself the market reacted, and the undertone is still weak. The table shows the prices of Government stocks on the night before, the morning after, and on the Wednesday of this week after the reaction. For interest I have added the lowest prices touched early this year:

	Lowest 1932.	June 30th.	July 1st.	July 6th.	Yield %.
Consols 2½%	54⅛	67	71	70	3.57
*Consols 4%	81½	101⅛	110	105⅛	3.79
Conversion 3½%	73½	93⅛	98	97½	3.62
Funding 4%	83⅜	104⅜	107½	106⅜	3.77
Victory Bonds 4%	89⅛	104½	108	105⅛	3.85
Local Loans 3%	60⅝	77⅛	85	82⅛	3.63

* This is not strictly a "long," as the Government has the option to repay at par on February 1st, 1957.

* * *

There is no doubt that this conversion scheme is very clever and very courageous. There is no doubt that with the present dearth of "safety-first" fixed interest stocks the Government has every chance of getting threequarters or more of the £2,000 millions converted. At a guess I would say that one-third of the loan is in the hands of Government departments and the Public Trustee, one-third in the hands of private individuals (including trustees) and business corporations, and one-third in the hands of banks, financial institutions and foreigners. Most people believe the foreign holdings to be less than £200 millions. The fear that by December 1st Government "longs," under the pressure of cheap money, will have advanced to a yield basis of under 3½ per cent., and that it will be impossible to buy a sound fixed-interest security outside the gilt-edged market to yield over 4½ per cent. may possibly induce the private holder of 5 per cent. War Loan—individual, corporation or trustee—to assent by July 31st (securing, thus, the bonus of £1 per £100 stock). As for the financial institutions, there will be a large amount of 5 per cent. War Loan held as a "short"—that is, as a five-months' bill—which will have to be repaid in cash. This should present no difficulty as the Government will doubtless make a new issue of Treasury bonds prior to December 1st. On the whole the operation, collossal as it is, is supremely simple and practicable. Nor must it be forgotten that the £1 bonus granted to holders assenting before July 31st, and the commissions bestowed on bankers, brokers, and lawyers for assented forms bearing their stamp of 5s. per cent. up to July 31st and 2s. 6d. per cent. up to September 30th are bribes which should bear good fruit. But complete success depends upon the market in "longs" going better—to induce the fear that will compel conversion.

* * *

A friend has written to ask whether this conversion scheme would commend itself to a Socialist Party. Obviously not. The Socialist argument, which Lord Reading happily expressed in the House of Lords on June 22nd, is that the fall in commodity prices has upset the basis of all money contracts, that the burden of interest charges has become intolerable, not only in the case of the national debt, but in the case of company and private debt, farm loans and house mortgages, and that the State should not cut wages, unemployment benefits and social services without legislating for a reduction in the interest charge on the whole of the national debt, in bank overdraft rates, in mortgage charges, and in interest rates generally—as Australia has done and the German Government has attempted to do. This policy would undoubtedly be a closer approach to social justice. The present conversion scheme, which gave a paper profit overnight of £140 millions to the holders of British Government "longs," is magnificent, but is not equity. That one class of Government creditor (the War Loan holders) should be penalised to make a holiday for another class (the "long" holders) cannot, on ethical grounds, be defended. But the Government is observing strictly the letter of the law. It is not breaking the terms of its contract with War Loan subscribers. It cannot touch the other loans until the various contracts give it an option to redeem—in other words, an opportunity to convert. Hence, unless the Socialist Party is prepared to urge the revision of all money contracts and to press home an attack on interest rates generally, it must accept the War Loan conversion scheme.

* * *

The effect of the great conversion on Stock Exchange markets as a whole has been remarkable. On the chance that Government stocks may stand on a 3½ per cent. basis by December 1st, an immediate rush began to buy the second line of fixed-interest stocks—the loans of Colonial Governments, Home Corporations, Port Authorities, Public Boards, such as Central Electricity, and so on. These were advanced to nearly a 4 per cent. yield basis. Then the demand spread to the third line—the debentures and preference shares of public companies which could be regarded as safe, such as the debentures of home railways and such preference shares as those of Lyons, the dairy and grocery companies, the tobacco companies, etc. These were pushed up to a 4½ per cent. yield basis or even better. Finally, the buying extended to British equity shares. Sharp advances were seen in Imperial Tobacco, Courtaulds, Shells, Thomas Tilling, Pinchin Johnson—even the ordinary stocks of the home railways became a lively market. On the grounds that the trade depression will be prolonged, the demand for "safe" fixed-interest stocks is justified. On the same grounds the buying of equity shares with an uncertain dividend future is absurd. And when Japanese Bonds share the honours of an advance with Australian Government stocks the market is on the way to the ridiculous. Buyers of Australian Government stocks should read a delightful letter in this week's *Investor's Review* from an Australian suggesting 2 per cent. as a fair interest on the external debt of Australia.

(A) ANNOUNCEMENT TO HOLDERS OF £5 per cent. WAR LOAN, 1929-1947

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY having given notice in the *London Gazette* of the 30th June, 1932, of their intention to redeem the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929–1947, at par on the 1st December, 1932, and having declared that Part III. of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, shall come into operation, authorise THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND and THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF IRELAND to make the following Announcement.

Holders who so desire may have their holdings in the Loan continued after the 1st December, 1932, subject to all the existing terms, conditions and incidents of the Loan with the following modifications, as specified in the Notice in the *London Gazette*, which will take effect as from the 1st December, 1932 :—

(*a*) The rate of interest will be reduced to £3 : 10*s*. per Cent. per annum.

(*b*) The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury reserve to themselves the right, on giving three calendar months' notice of each operation in the *London Gazette*, to redeem the Loan, at par, either by a single operation or by successive operations, on the 1st December, 1952, or at any time or times thereafter.

(*c*) The right to tender Stock and Bonds of the Loan to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue in satisfaction of amounts due on account of Death Duties will lapse.

(*d*) The undertaking to set aside a sum monthly to form a fund for the purchase of Stock or Bonds of the Loan for the purpose of providing against depreciation will cease to have effect and the balance of the fund will cease to be applicable for the said purpose.

(*e*) The name of the Loan will be changed to £3 : 10*s*. per Cent. War Loan.

Dividends on inscribed and registered Stock of the Loan will continue to be paid without deduction of Income Tax, but the income derived from such dividends will be assessable to Income Tax in the hands of the recipients.

The exemptions from United Kingdom taxation which now attach to holdings of the Loan by persons neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident (or in the case of Income Tax, not ordinarily resident) in the United Kingdom will continue in force.

The principal and interest of the Loan are and will remain a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

At any time up to and including the 30th September, 1932, holders may notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland, respectively, in the prescribed manner of their desire to continue their holdings in the Loan. **Those who give due notification on or before the 31st July, 1932,* will receive a Cash Bonus at the rate of £1 per £100 nominal** of the amount of their holdings. Those who give notification after the 31st July* will not receive this Cash Bonus.

Holders who wish to have their holdings redeemed in cash on the 1st December, 1932, must notify the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland respectively, in the prescribed manner, **not later than the 30th September, 1932.**

Holders who have not notified in the prescribed manner, on or before the 30th September, 1932, their desire to have their holdings either continued in the Loan or redeemed in cash, will, in accordance with the provisions of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, be deemed to have accepted the offer to continue their holdings in the Loan, subject to the conditions set out above. No cash bonus will be payable in respect of such holdings.

In the case of inscribed and registered holdings of the £5 per Cent. War Loan, 1929–1947, which are to be redeemed, the Books of the Loan will be closed on the evening of the 30th September, 1932, and such holdings will cease to be transferable at the close of business on that date.

Commission at the under-mentioned rates will be paid to Bankers, Stockbrokers and Solicitors or Scottish Law Agents on continued holdings if the Forms of Request for Continuance lodged with the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland, bear their stamp :—

If notified not later than the 31st July, 1932, ... 5*s*. per £100 nominal ;

If notified after the 31st July, 1932, but not later than the 30th September, 1932, ... 2*s*. 6*d*. per £100 nominal.

Inscribed and Registered Stock—An Explanatory Note containing directions and the relevant forms are being sent to all Stockholders whose holdings are inscribed or registered in the Books of the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland at the date of this Announcement. (In the case of Joint Accounts the forms are being sent only to the holder whose name stands first in the account).

Bearer Bonds.—No notice can be sent by post to holders of Bearer Bonds. If they desire to continue their holdings in the Loan and to obtain the Cash Bonus, or to apply for redemption, their Bonds, together with all unmatured coupons, must be lodged at the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 and 6, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, before the appropriate dates. The relevant form will then be supplied for completion, or it may be obtained on application at any Bank in the United Kingdom or the Irish Free State.

Copies of this Announcement ; of the Explanatory Note issued to Stockholders by the Bank of England ; and of the relevant forms, may be obtained from the Bank of England, Head Office and Branches ; from the Government Brokers ; and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in Great Britain. Copies of this Announcement and of the documents relating to holdings in the books of the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin or Belfast respectively, may be obtained from the Head Office and Branches of the Bank of Ireland, and from any Banking Office and Stock Exchange in the Irish Free State or Northern Ireland as the case may be.

* Reasonable extension of time will be allowed in any case where it is shown to the satisfaction of the Bank that the delay in giving due notification was due solely to the permanent or temporary absence from the United Kingdom (or the Irish Free State as the case may be) of the holder or, in the case of a joint account, of one or more of the necessary signatories.

N.B. Stock registered in the Books of the General Post Office will be continued or redeemed at the Post Office under the arrangements set forth in the separate Announcement issued by H.M. Postmaster-General, and not at the Bank of England or the Bank of Ireland. Copies of the Announcement and the forms for use in connection with such stock can be obtained at any Post Office in the United Kingdom.

BANK OF ENGLAND, 30*th June*, 1932.